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**THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT**

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**contents**

A. WALTON LITZ	Hugh Kenner: Joyce's Voices. "Ulysses"
CHARGE SZIRTES	Shari Benstock and Bernard Benstock: Who's He When He's At Home?
PETER KEMP	Roland McHugh: Annotations to "Finnegans Wake"
DAVID WILSON	Barbara Dibernard: Alchemy and "Finnegans Wake"
T. J. BINYON	Michael Groden: James Joyce's Manuscripts—An Index
STEPHEN KORS	John Fletcher: Novel and Reader
J. MORDAUNT CROOK	David Geberlin: Sons of Sam Spade
ROGER MORTIMER	Fiction
NICOLAI RUBINSTEIN	Colin Watson: Plaster Sinners
RICHARD FREEMANTLE	Chris Wrigley: A. J. P. Taylor—A Complete Annotated Bibliography and Guide to His Historical and Other Writings
JEROME ROCHE	J. M. Richards: Memoirs of an Unjust Fella—An Autobiography
EUGENIO MONTALB	Richard Onslow: The Squire
MARK ARLEY	Melissa Meriam Bullard: Filippo Strozzi and the Medici
ROBERT HEWISON	Helmuth Wohl: The Paintings of Domenico Veneziano
DAVID WILSON	Anthony Newcomb: The Madrigal at Ferrara 1579-1597
ANDREW MOTION	How Divine the Comedy (poem)
BARRY BARNES	Fiction
MIHAN ROTMAN	Wayne Grady (Editor): The Penguin Book of Canadian Short Stories
TONY HARRISON	Ursula K. Le Guin: Threshold
DOUGLAS DUNN	Pierre Delattre: Walking on Air
VICKI FRAYER	Julian Glog: Sleeping Dogs Lie
JOHN BENDER	Robin Maughan: The Corridor
VIRGINIA LEWELLYN SMITH	Mary Hesse: Revolutions and Reconstructions in the Philosophy of Science
CAROL RUMRIS	John Hurrell Crook: The Evolution of Human Consciousness
LYNNE TRUSS	New poems from "The School of Eloquence"
IAN MCKEAN	Viewpoint
RICHARD COMBS	Tony Flynn: A Strange Routine
PHILIP BERGSON	Commentary
THOMAS BLAIR	Princely Magnificence: Court Jewels of the Renaissance, 1500-1630 (V&A)
	Nicholas Rankin/Jorge Luis Borges: Arrest I (York and Albany Theatre)
	Shakespeare's Sister (ICA Theatre)
	Paul Kember: Not Quite Jerusalem (Royal Court Theatre)
	New British films at the London Film Festival
	André Delvaux's film To Woody Allen from Europe with Love (London Film Festival)
	Theodoros Angelopoulos's film Alexander the Great (London Film Festival)
	Slavko Rangel/Nancy Mitford: Love in a Cold Climate (Thames TV)
	To the Editor
	Among this week's contributors
ROBERT WISTRICH	George Konrad and Ivan Szeifnyl: The Intellectuals on the Road to Class Power
RICHARD HARRIS	Kenneth Shintsky, Larisa Shintsky, Karl Reymann (Editors): Communism and Eastern Europe
RICHARD HARRIS	Bill Brugger (Editor): China since the Gang of Four
RICHARD HARRIS	Peter Harris: Political China Observed
RICHARD HARRIS	Greg O'Leary: The Shaping of Chinese Foreign Policy
RICHARD HARRIS	Andrew Watson (Editor): Mao Zedong and the Political Economy of the Border Region
RICHARD HARRIS	V. Kubiak and A. A. Cruickshank: Marxism, Leninism and Theory of International Relations
PIERRE COUSTILLAS AND ROBERT L. SELIG	Unknown Gissing stories from Chicago (article)
HELEN MCNEIL	Karl Keller: The Only Kangaroo Among the Beauty—Emily Dickinson
CHRIS WALLACE-CHABER	Rebecca Patterson: Emily Dickinson's Imagery
JEAN ROBIN	Kelp (poem)
WILFRED BLUNT	Michael McNay: Portrait of a Kentish Village. East Malling 827-1978
RUTH ISABEL ROSS	A Vision of Eden—The Life and Work of Marianne North
SIMONA PAKENTIAN	Ruth Hayden: Mrs Delany—Her Life and Her Flowers
ALAN BELL	Richard Mabey and Tony Evans: The Flowering of Britain
T. O. BEIDELMAN	Pav Godwin and Richard Ingrams: Romney Marsh and the Royal Military Canal
R. E. HARRILL-BOND	Richard Strachey: A Strachey Boy
ROLAND OLIVER	Mary Douglas: Evans-Fritchard—His Life, Work, Writings and Ideas
THOMAS PAKENTIAN	Caroline H. Bledsoe: Women and Marriage in Kpelle Society
A. W. JOHNSON	J. E. Webster (Editor): Chronology, Migration and Drought in Interlacustrine Africa
KENNETH INGHAM	Peter Warwick (General Editor): S. B. Spies (Advisory Editor): The South African War—The Anglo-Boer War 1899-1902
T. G. H. JAMES	Gwendolen M. Carter: Which Way is South Africa Going?
DAVID RIDGWAY	A. L. Harrington: Sir Harry Smith—Bungling Hero
MICHAEL GRANT	Rosalie David: Cult of the Sun
A. A. M. ARVER	John Boardman: The Greeks Overseas
STANLEY ELLIS	R. A. G. Carson: Principal Coins of the Romans Volume II, The Principate 31 BC-AD 236
P. M. S. DAWSON	Clive Foss: Ephesus after Antiquity
	K. M. Pelt: The Study of Dialect
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## CRITICISM

**A universe of parodies**

By A. Walton Litz

HUGH KENNER:

Joyce's Voices  
120pp. Faber, £5.50.  
0 520 03206 3  
"Ulysses"  
182pp. Allen and Unwin, £10.  
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234pp. University of Illinois Press.  
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620pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.  
£17.95.  
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BARBARA DIBERNARD:  
Alchemy and "Finnegans Wake"  
163pp. State University of New  
York Press, \$24.  
0 87395 388 6

MICHAEL GRODEN:  
James Joyce's Manuscripts: An  
Index  
123pp. Garland Publishing, \$25.  
0 8240 9540 5

It was Joyce's good fortune, and ours, that the patterns for most subsequent criticism of *Ulysses* were established by the two great practitioners of his time, Pound and Eliot. From the beginning Pound viewed *Ulysses* as the triumph in English of the realist tradition initiated by Flaubert and the Goncourt brothers. In 1919, after reading the first chapter, he announced the formula that would determine all his later comments: Joyce "has done what Flaubert set out to do in *Unanimo* and *Poche*, done it better, more succinctly. Even as *Ulysses* veered away from any conventional notion of "realism" towards that strange mixture of styles and voices we are still trying to understand, Pound stuck to his terminology. He may have been disturbed by the new departures in "Stream" and later chapters, but he continued to regard the work as a triumph of the Flaubertian form. His 1922 review of *Ulysses* in *The New York Times*, which begins "All must should unite to give praise to *Ulysses*," dismisses the elaborate Homeric structure as a "simple reversal" of an earlier novel: "These correspondences are part of Joyce's medievalism and are chiefly his own affair, justified by a means of construction, sustained by the result, and justifiable by it only."

Eliot, on the other hand, was both intrigued and terrified by the swirling energies of Joyce's work-in-progress. Since he was at that time writing a kind of criticism and poetry which emphasized objectivity and impersonality (in part as a counterbalance to his own emotional turmoil), he had difficulty in coming to terms with Joyce's rambunctious masterpiece. Writing in *The Egoist* in the summer of 1918, when he had seen only the opening chapters, Eliot spoke of *Ulysses* as "volatile and heady" but "terrifying"; and this anxiety is still there in the first paragraph of his long-delayed review of November, 1923, "Ulysses, Order, and Myth." "I hold this book to be the most important expression of the present age," he found, "a book to which we are all indebted, and from which none of us can escape." It has given me "all the surprise, delight, and terror that a book can require." Unlike Pound, who was delighted when he discovered the full range of the novel's Homeric and symbolic correspondences, since they gave him a sanction for turning Joyce into a classicist, Joyce's schema, first discovered by Valery Larbaud in April, 1922, enabled him to take an "objective" view of the novel as a "mythic method." Like Eliot, Joyce's use of myth is a "new source of order." "It is simply a way of controlling, of giving a shape and a significance to the immense panorama of futility and anarchy which is contemporary history."

Since 1922 most criticism of *Ulysses* has fluctuated between the extremes of Pound and Eliot, between what Arnold Goldman called "fact" and "myth," ironic deflation and mythopoetic enlargement. When one view gains the initiative, as in the novelistic readings of the 1960s, a counter-statement is sure to follow, as in Richard Ellmann's *Ulysses on the Lip*. No critic has understood this necessary dialectic better than Hugh Kenner, and no one has made a greater contribution to it. For over thirty years he has been our finest reader of *Ulysses*, subtly changing his interpretations as his understanding of literary modernism has deepened and the critical assumptions of the age have changed. Yet he is often misrepresented, on the basis of his 1948 *Portrait* essay and his revised dissertation, *Dublin's Joyce* (1956). Groden's *Ulysses* (1977), C. J. Peake's *The Citizen and the Artist* (1977), and James H. Maddox's *Joyce's Ulysses* and the *Assault Upon Character* (1978), it is preoccupied with the search for some "hidden law that governs the unfolding of styles in *Ulysses*."

The emphasis in *Joyce's Voices*, as in all these studies, is on the latter built of *Ulysses*: when Joyce wrote "End of First Part of *Ulysses*" on the last page of the manuscript of the ninth chapter, he was both marking the formal mid-point of the novel and saying farewell to the familiar world of "objective" narration. *Joyce's Voices* is an important advance in the long critical conversation about the "styles" of *Ulysses*, but its greatest strength—as always with Kenner—lies in the readings of individual words and sentences. Inquisitive, sceptical, with an eye for the unusual detail, Kenner is Bloom raised to the level of master explicator. Some critics have complained that Kenner ignores the useful terms in our received critical vocabulary, but is it not more fun to hear about the "Uncle Charles Principle" rather than *erliche Rede* or *sublimated libido*? (The "Uncle Charles Principle" derives from a sentence in *Portrait*: "Every morning, therefore, Uncle Charles reined in his outburst but not before he had greased and brushed scrupulously his back hair and brushed and put on his tall hat." Lewis thought that "repaired" was a bit of Edwardian fine writing, unworthy of Joyce's Flaubertian aims. Kenner argues that "repaired" is like the clichés in *Hugh Seton Maberley*, "years invisible quotation marks" and is an exact rendering of Uncle Charles's discreet personality.) If Kenner has sacrificed some precision and range of reference by rejecting the jargon of contemporary "narratology," he has gained a great deal more: in so far

**Sheep Shearing at Ayot St. Lawrence**

The muzzle firmly held between his knees  
he gathers the fleeced stomach into plants  
and leans forward across the flaccid belly:  
to push the razor down towards her teats.

And there she sits, blind-mouthed, flat on her rump,  
black-legged on a sheet of polythene  
like some old woman at the hairdresser:  
she's corpulent and yellow and unclean.

Behind her stands a cottage with a garden  
where a real old woman serves out pots of tea,  
and further back the church, Palladian,  
which acts this Sunday as a gallery.

Someone at the door sells raffie tickets,  
the catalogues are handy on his desk:  
inside the close-hung paintings testify  
to the attractions of the picturesque.

The sun is out, the summer heat is stifling,  
pouring across smooth shoulders, washing hands,  
a clean, hard light cuts definitive shadows.  
The man relaxes, lets her drop, and stajds

above her with a needle, plunges in.  
The anxious lambs are nudging underneath  
their unshorn dams. It is an ideal moment.  
The ewe escapes. Sheep stud the hill like teeth.

George Szirtes

as any critic can be, he is free of  
convicting theories or preconcep-  
tions, and is willing to be carried  
away by the unpredictable delights  
of a specific passage. Joyce, not the  
critic, is always in charge, and  
Kenner—like Wallace Stevens—pre-  
fers to "discover" rather than  
"impose." This makes him an ideal  
reader of those modernist works  
that sought to break all generic ex-  
pectations and create their own  
genres as they went along.

If *Joyce's Voices* has a major flaw  
it is in Kenner's attempt to con-  
struct a historical explanation for  
Joyce's experiments. His argu-  
ments about the impact of science  
on literature, and his attempt to  
place Joyce in an Irish heritage  
dominated by Pyrrhonism ("when  
statements can have no substance  
they can only have style"), are only  
partially successful. They may con-  
tain much truth, but Kenner is not  
at his best in this kind of writing.  
Like T. S. Eliot, he is most effective  
when working from a complex  
made set of historical assumptions.

One way to measure the disjuncture  
between *Dublin's Joyce* and Ken-  
ner's most recent study of *Ulysses*  
is to compare the uses of Homer in  
the two books. In *Dublin's Joyce*  
a version of Joyce's elaborate working  
schema is reproduced, with all its  
indications of symbolic corres-  
pondences and Homeric parallels.  
In *Ulysses* the section on "Uses  
of Homer" contains a highly simpli-  
fied chart which gives for each  
chapter the Homeric title, the  
location, and the time of action  
(Joyce's idealized times) have  
been adjusted to take account of  
Clive Hurl's fieldwork with map,  
stopwatch and pedometer. Kenner  
cautions us that "the Homeric  
titles point less to analogy of  
incident or character than to  
analogy of situation." The limits of  
Joyce's stylistic method "are  
clearly stated."

Bloom and *Ulysses* are not identi-  
cal in order that metamorphosis  
may be validated. They are  
identical in not existing save as  
manifestations of human creative  
power, products of an artistic  
process that is like a natural  
process, and that entails in many  
times comparable situations,  
whether in the mind of Homer  
of Chios or in the mind of James  
Augustine Joyce.

Like Homer, Joyce invites the Muse  
to speak through him, and she turns  
out to be a mistress of unending  
linguistic possibilities.  
The Homer that Kenner most  
cherishes is the "real" Homer of  
Schliemann and Samuel Butler and  
Victor Bérard. Just as Joyce be-  
came more and more obsessed with  
factual accuracy as he moved to-  
wards the problematic close of his  
novel, so Kenner is in constant  
search for an Ithaca of rock-hard  
facts: the more obscure and self-  
sufficient language becomes, the  
more he feels a need to locate some  
basic narrative line. Kenner  
remarks that if Joyce had "written  
the Shakespeare plays he would  
have known how many children  
Lady Macbeth had, and their ages,  
and what course of study Hamlet  
pursued at Wittenberg." Facts such  
as these litter the pages of *Ulysses*,  
and where they are hidden or  
missing Kenner is determined to  
discover them. He is never better  
than when puzzling over the real  
dimension of Bloom's chest, or why  
Bloom's watch stops at half past  
four. This aspect of Kenner's critic-  
ism reminds one of Nabokov's  
recently published lectures on  
*Ulysses*, where close analysis of  
style alternates with the most exact  
attention to details of setting and  
action.

Joyce would certainly have  
approved: his own notes for the  
lectures on *Hamlet* that he delivered  
in Trieste are pedantic and almost  
entirely factual, although the  
lectures themselves must have  
rehearsed some of the wild specu-  
lations of the Library chapter. It  
may seem paradoxical that Kenner's  
progress towards a more "inde-  
terminato" reading of Joyce's text has

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# At the centre of the Modern Movement

By J. Mordaunt Crook

J. M. RICHARDS:  
Memoirs of an Unjust Fella  
An Autobiography  
312pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.  
£10.  
0 297 7767 X

Who introduced John Betjeman to John Piper? Who introduced Nikolaus Pevsner to Allen Lane and helped Pevsner escape a wartime exile in Australia? Who wrote the first book on the suburban ideal and the first book on industrial archaeology? Who managed, simultaneously, to be editor of the *Architectural Review*, a member of the Royal Fine Arts Commission, *Architectural Correspondent* for the *Times*, and—in effect—architectural consultant to the BBC? Who even managed to remain a key member of the MARS Group and CIAM, and a founder-member of both the Georgian Group and the Victorian Society? None other than J. M. Richards (Sir James since 1972) the man who became—as much as the journal he edited for thirty years—the mouthpiece of the Modern Movement in England.

So this autobiography is a story of success. The "unjust fella" of the title gets more than his share of the credit. Even so there is throughout a touch of sadness. Lonely in childhood, solitary at school, unhappy in love, anonymous in his profession, Richards has been all his adult life at the centre of things and yet withdrawn, aloof, a spectator at the architectural scene. Anglo-Irish on one side, ex-patriate colonial on the other, he grew up in Kensington Gardens and suburban Carshalton (less suburban during the First World War than I remember it in second). His father—a solicitor and a shadowy figure—lived his life according to a social formula. "There are three kinds of men," he would tell his son, "that you must never trust: a man who hunts south of the Thames, a man who has soup for lunch, and a man who waxes his moustache." From "rare glimpses of parents in the nursery," Richards remembers only "the crackle of my father's striped shirt-front as he bent over my cot." Sent to Freshams School, Holt—not because the air was bracing—but because the air was bracing—became a "rather solitary" boy, much given to "solitary walks or solitary reading." At seventeen he became an architectural student because the Architectural Association was in the city, not Cambridge. It was only in 1933, at the age of nearly twenty-five, after a false start in architects' offices in London, Canada and Dublin that he found his métier at last: he landed his first job on *The Architect's Journal*.

Thereafter, professionally speaking, Richards' autobiography is a chronicle of triumphs. And despite his pose as lugubrious clubman—his preference that most "unclubbable" of clubs, the Athenaeum—his private history overflows with rum stories. Rebecca West's horrid inventory paper in the summer of 1939; Roland Penrose's torturing his Hampstead neighbours with a carving by Henry Moore in his front garden; Bertold Lubetkin, "progressive" in everything; "he was the fastest man I remember with a zip-faster on his trousers"; Mme Prunier hanging a tapestry by Le Corbusier in her celebrated restaurant in St James's; Brancusi at home in Rome, with "a long untamed beard and the style of an Old Testament prophet"; Alexander Calder, "an amateur bear of a man," designing a tie-dye tie, chiefly decorated with a rebus modelled on the surname of its owner, Henry-Russell Hitchcock; a famous sculptor on the staircase of the Athenaeum; and a bloody charran like him doing this in wartime.

During the war Richards found himself in Egypt. There, as Director of Publications for the Ministry of Information, his territorial responsibilities were vast: from Tunisia to Persia, from the Middle East to the Mediterranean. As editor of *Architectural War*, he could, however, call upon the services of at least one photographer with a future, Captain Sir Basil Nocton, later known simply as Basil Nocton. There were other compensations too. Pina Pimping in Rhodes; joking with Osbert Lancaster in Athens; ascribing with Freya Stark in Baghdad; throwing luncheon parties in Cairo with Elizabeth David; lounging on the terrace at Shoppard's Hotel, or lazing under the trees, at the Gezireh Sporting Club—the Fortis Crescenzi clearly had its advantages in wartime.

But it was in post-war England—the England of Ruskinellism, welfare and the Festival of Britain—that Richards' career reached its apex. His memoirs should be compulsory reading for anyone who wants to discover how the young "progressives" of the 1930s emerged as the Establishment of the 1960s. It is an entertaining reading too. Quite a number of cuts have been made out of the editorial bag. A Thunderside, which wrote the infamous *Times* leader "Not Worth Saving" on the subject of the Euston Arch. It was Mr Edward Heath, apparently, who introduced the deplorable Property Services Agency; an unworthy disguise for the historic Office of Works. It was Francis Liffey who first had the idea of adding an Architectural Correspondent to the staff of *The Times*; Lord Holford recommended Richards. We even discovered that Sir William Haley's pseudonym was "Oliver Edwards". P. Morton Sherry was "Baird Dennison" and Richards' own was "James MacQueddy" after the actor in Peacock's *Crochet Castle*. We also learn that the only work of architecture Richards himself ever designed still stands in Dublin: a simple, elegant, and, as Liffey from James O'Connell's *Cus-toms House*.

This particular cat moves cautiously. The stories tumble out but discreetly. The "unjust fella" of the title gets more than his share of the credit. Even so there is throughout a touch of sadness. Lonely in childhood, solitary at school, unhappy in love, anonymous in his profession, Richards has been all his adult life at the centre of things and yet withdrawn, aloof, a spectator at the architectural scene. Anglo-Irish on one side, ex-patriate colonial on the other, he grew up in Kensington Gardens and suburban Carshalton (less suburban during the First World War than I remember it in second). His father—a solicitor and a shadowy figure—lived his life according to a social formula. "There are three kinds of men," he would tell his son, "that you must never trust: a man who hunts south of the Thames, a man who has soup for lunch, and a man who waxes his moustache." From "rare glimpses of parents in the nursery," Richards remembers only "the crackle of my father's striped shirt-front as he bent over my cot." Sent to Freshams School, Holt—not because the air was bracing—but because the air was bracing—became a "rather solitary" boy, much given to "solitary walks or solitary reading." At seventeen he became an architectural student because the Architectural Association was in the city, not Cambridge. It was only in 1933, at the age of nearly twenty-five, after a false start in architects' offices in London, Canada and Dublin that he found his métier at last: he landed his first job on *The Architect's Journal*.

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## A latter-day Cato

By Nicolai Rubinstein

MELISSA MERIAM BULLARD:  
Filippo Strozzi and the Medici  
Favor and Finance in Sixteenth-Century Florence and Rome  
197pp. Cambridge University Press.  
£15.  
0 521 22301 6

Filippo Strozzi, the youngest son of the builder of the Strozzi Palace, after whom he was named, was one of the outstanding figures in Florence and Rome under the Medici. He was a banker, a politician, a poet, a collector, a patron, a man of letters, a man of action. He was a man of his time, a man of his place, a man of his family. He was a man of his time, a man of his place, a man of his family.

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of Florence, Filippo acquired, as Lorenzo's companion and confidant, a position of power and influence in that city which far exceeded that of any other prominent member of the Medici regime. He lost this position after Lorenzo's death in 1519; but through his close association with his relatives on the papal throne, he rose to great wealth; notwithstanding the financial losses he had suffered at that time, he could write in 1535 from Rome that, after the Fugger, "il est estimé le plus riche marchand de la Christienté".

In 1519, Filippo had shifted the centre of his activities to Rome, but after 1530, the new situation which had arisen in Florence held out the promise of a revival of his prominence there. In that year, the Medici who had been once more expelled from Florence, were restored with the help of Charles V; and now their de facto rule was finally transformed into a principate by the Emperor making Alessandro de' Medici duke of Florence. Filippo at first supported the new Duke, but his great wealth and prestige were bound to lead to tensions, which culminated in his leaving the city and openly siding with the opposition to Alessandro, accused by the republicans of being a despot, and most spectacular political scandal of the republicanism regime. For Filippo it was a turning-point in his life; he was a republican in government; and it was this, rather than concern for republican liberty, which motivated Filippo's action.

After the assassination of Alessandro, and the election of Cosimo in January 1537, the exiles plotted to overthrow the young Duke by

the painting the light emanates, not even precisely where the figures are placed.

St Lucy herself was the patroness of light. She was an early Roman martyr, who, rather than yield to the advances of a suitor, was remarked on the beauty of her eyes, cut them out and sent them to him on a carving-board. This act of self-denial was so acceptable to Heaven that new eyes—an even more beautiful, mystical pair—appeared as a replacement. In Domenico's picture she stands before a Renaissance porch which seems to frame the Virgin and Child, pointing with a pen to her own eyes laid out on the carving-board, while staring across at St Francis. He in turn reads a holy text, the message of which seems to flow through the arm of John the Baptist. St John looks directly at us while pointing to the Virgin and Christ Child, as well as to St Zenobius, symbol of the established church. Domenico thus draws us into an imaginary, sanctified world, which seems dreamily real, and the emotions roused by these visual effects are still further stirred by his wax-like treatment of drapery and flesh. In fact, passages in the *Altri pezzi* are Monumental decades before the general appearance of that style.

Helmut Wohl's description of the subject in the St Lucy painting is relatively clear, and his accumulation into a single volume of most of the previous comment on Domenico Veneziano will certainly prove useful to scholars.

There are only twelve known autograph works by the painter, of which six belong together as the so-called "St Lucy Altarpiece". This is a large panel of the Madonna and Child with Saints Francis, John the Baptist, Zenobius and Lucy, which was originally in the small church in Florence of St Lucia dei Magnoli, and is now in the Uffizi. The five predella panels from it still exist and are scattered throughout various collections. Six more paintings survive: four pictures of the Madonna and Child, now in the National Galleries in London, Washington and Bucharest, and at Barenson's villa, I Tatti, in Florence; a tondo of "The Adoration of the Magi" in Berlin; and a detached fresco of Saint John the Baptist and Saint Francis, from the Museo S. Croce in Florence, not on public display since the flood of 1966.

Our lack of knowledge of the painter's life would be little importance had not Veneziano always been considered one of the greatest of the early Renaissance masters. Not even his birth date is known, although he was more or less contemporary with Bramante, Donatello, Masaccio and Fra Angelico. Wohl's commentary is brief, made up principally of three short essays, followed by copious notes, reprints of documents, and illustrations.

The first essay or chapter proposes the painter's life as Wohl supposes it to have been; afterwards, "possibly" and "undoubtedly" abound. The second chapter is on Domenico's greatest work, the

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Helmut Wohl's description



## A place of their own

By Mark Abley

WAYNE GRADY (Editor):  
The Penguin Book of Canadian  
Short Stories  
455pp. Penguin. £1.95.  
0 14 00557 4

In *A Literary History of Canada*, published in 1965, Hugo McPherson described the short story as a "difficult, exacting, and now declining genre." Even if his melancholy was a little exaggerated, he had reason for gloom. In Canada, as in the rest of the world, the short story has recently seemed in danger of extinction. The appearance of Wayne Grady's comprehensive selection gives cause for celebration, for it shows that Canadian writers for more properly Canadian writers in English have returned to the form with both fertility and grace. Twelve of these twenty-eight stories were first published in the 1970s, and sixteen of the writers are still at work today. Indeed the editor calls the short story "Canada's healthiest and most versatile literary genre." He might have gone on to say that only in the short story has English-Canadian literature attained international distinction.

Why should this be so? It is possible to provide a materialist answer, beginning with the development of Canadian fiction from the Journalism of pioneers; even in this century, Stephen Leacock's *Sunshine Sketches* grew out of a commission for a series of articles in the *Montreal Star*. Then the Second World War created a national radio network, and the vision of a two producers, provided a lucrative and consistent market at a time when publishers were few and far between; and in the past fifteen years the existence of a wide variety of magazines and presses has made it easy for most good writers to reach an audience. The growth of Canadian writing has coincided with a growth in Canadian reading. In consequence, individual collections of short stories are common, and they often sell better than novels by the same authors. What Grady has recently called the British "contempt" for and "guilty patronage" of the short story form is wholly foreign to Canada, where, as Grady remarks, "the short story can be said to have assumed a social responsibility far beyond what poetry since the late 1930s."

But materialist interpretations are not alone sufficient: they fail to explain why Quebec writers have shown relatively little interest in the genre, despite an abundance of magazines and presses, and a sympathetic public. Quebec has produced a remarkable number of distinguished novelists and poets, but only a few writers of good short stories, and even they (Roch Carrier, Anne Hébert, and Hubert Aquin, for instance) are better known for their novels. Grady has included just four stories translated from the French, and it seems a fair proportion.

Nor do the economics of the art explain the unity of tone which binds many of these tales together. Despite the publisher's boast of a "vast range," the anthology contains very little fantasy, politics, sex, crime, industry or joy—and not much humour either. What many of the stories share is a tone of anxiety and a concern with isolation, loss and family unrest. This is not simply a reflection of the editor's worried taste, for he omits work by several competent writers whose stories tell of little else.

Above all, English-Canadian fiction bears witness of displacement, the physical and psychological sense of being out of place. W. D. Valgardson has described the story of his which appears in the Penguin selection as "about the need of someone to have a place of his own, to have that place recognized, the rule of order, to overcome the imagination being what it is. Valgardson's hero fails. Even in stories which take place in urban rooms, the inhuman Canadian landscape can still make its presence felt. Rupert Brooke, once passing through, was struck by Canada's 'unsuitable virginity' of the 'intervening deserts' that left the quality unaltered. In one of the

best stories in the book, Jack Hodgins' "The Lepers' Squint," an Irish writer tells a Canadian writer why certain artistic effects are possible in the New World. "You don't have the history, the sense that everything that happens is happening on top of layers of things which have already happened." That apparent freedom from the tyranny of history does not, as one might expect, produce much exhilaration. Instead, as if from the necessity to establish a context for emotion, most Canadian stories are set as deeply as possible in a specific place and time. These stories are full of local histories, the friction of generations, the small assaults of age.

Canada's tradition of fiction is pre-eminently a tradition of realism. Apart from *Mau de la Roche*, most writers have shied away from any of the "magical realism" of the temporary Canadian writing, and the name of "magic realism" (a "magical realist" story, in effect, mixes the yeast of García Márquez with the dough of the Canadian landcape), and even writers on the look-out for regional or national myths usually try to blend their fantasies with minute facts and naturalistic details. Also, the Canadian *Yoss* hasn't yet been written. The best of the country's story-tellers—Alice Munro and Mavis Chevalier—probably take pride in their own, complicated and often typical story by Munro has the physical density of a novel and the apparent objectivity of a treatise; in her passion is recollected in clear little interest in momentary epiphanies, for her stories reach towards a complex understanding of events and characters in time, and

her particular talent is to accomplish this in a very limited space. Her work, like that of many Canadian writers at the moment, carries a reluctant desire to understand, to explain, to make sense of a society in which human lives and the natural world still seem hopelessly at odds. Northern Frye once characterized a widespread mood in his country's writing as "shrewd, observant, and luminous"; in the past two decades shrewd, reflective observation has threatened to become a tradition in itself, a tradition in which human growth spurs. Risking a few generalizations, one might say that Canadian literature has never been more self-aware, more confident of its own importance, and more doubtful about its own civilization.

Wayne Grady's choice of stories from that literature is somewhat open to question. Wanting, perhaps, to avoid duplicating the selections in the three superb volumes of *Canadian Short Stories* edited by Robert Weaver for the Oxford University Press, he has chosen many stories that have not previously been published in an anthology, and a few which have appeared only in magazines or literary annuals. Three or four times his adventurousness lets him down. But more to put together a representative account of the nation's stories is no mean accomplishment, given the need to include good work from different centuries, languages, regions, ethnic groups and literary movements, and the apparent objectivity of a treatise; in his passion is recollected in clear little interest in momentary epiphanies, for her stories reach towards a complex understanding of events and characters in time, and

## Laying bare

By David Wilson

JULIAN GLOAG:  
*Sleeping Dogs Lie*  
114pp. Secker and Warburg. £6.95.  
436 18202 3

"We do not encourage high expectations; all things are very far from being possible . . . this is not a world in which people are much changed, or transformed, or transfigured." A psychiatrist is speaking, and with some authority since he is about to adjust to the suicide of his wife, which has been occasioned by the murder of her lover, and already much buffeted by guilt. All this is Hugh Welchman's fault. He has investigated a patient, and returned a past; and in the process has not necessarily therapeutic. The innocence of professional inquiry betrays the personal guilt. As little hints, Julian Gloag's novel is about the words which ought (perhaps) to be omitted.

The sleeping dog is a patient with a phobia. Alex Brinson, a Cambridge student, is referred to Hugh because he is afraid to climb down stone steps. The psychiatrist relates this phobia to a childhood trauma, when Alex saw his alcoholic mother fall down the cellar steps. Or was she pushed? Double intervene, and the student's trepidation leads to a spiral of accusation, guilt and confession. Not for nothing, this novel does a minor character have an obsession with the convolutions of Balkan history, or another character with a passion for a passing remark, to a Jonson play "of almost incredible intricacy—everyone turns out to be someone else—if not two other people."

The narrative method which conceals this artful intricacy is straightforward enough. A psychiatrist, Hugh says, has often to clear a truth of lies before he sees the truth of the matter. Past terrors are recognized. Memory is up to the unreliable, coloured, altered, even manufactured by later impressions, interpretations, half-heard stories. The novel needs agreement, then, contradicts him at every turn, with

every revelation. Hugh is methodical, pedantic, suitably professional; and socially uncomfortable in a Cambridge world of vintage port and literary allusion (the contrast of a class is an unnecessary and awkward appendage, since as a psychiatrist Hugh is naturally the other character, separated from the questions which concern the narrative). His professional competence is pedantically correct, and carries over into his personal conversation, even with his wife Julia. To a writing, though one is not always persuaded of a distancing irony.

The distancing is there in both of the language and the construction of the novel. These are lives uncovering is cold and clinical, even this one accepts that Julian Gloag's purpose is to use them to diagnose the cold complexity of his central characters. Stripping others of their fears and guilts, Hugh reveals as an empty shell, his superior generosity masking a lifeless acceptance of the austerity imposed by his wife on their house, and their largely separate lives within it. Hugh's investigation uncovers a family history uncommon even in this Cambridge. Julia, loved Alex's mother, who fell down the cellar steps, and his father, who was not his real father, and his mother who may have pushed her down the steps. The family doctor, who referred Alex to Hugh, and his father, was also in love with Alex's mother. A surprising phobia seems the least of this family's troubles.

The bleakness of the emotional landscape is echoed in the descriptions of the physical terrain. Mists envelop the fens; skies are stormy; a house, a hermit of echoes are urbanely but methodically sounded, down to the two phobias (called Ply and Ramon) one step ahead of Hugh's unraveling of the motives. It is all rather like a Freudian gloss on an Agatha Christie plot, a whodunnit need with whys and wherefores. So that the occasional stylized flourish, gruous *Sleeping Dogs Lie*, works better as a narrative mystery, false confessions of which there are several) and all.

## Astounding alternatives

By Robert Hewison

URSULA K. LE GUIN:  
*Threshold*  
183pp. Gollancz. £5.50.  
0 575 02881 5  
PIERRE DELATTRE:  
*Walking on Air*  
243pp. Gollancz. £6.95.  
0 575 02907 2

The existence of Gollancz's "Fantasy" list implies a genre of novel to set beside science fiction or the thriller, a genre that avoids both the middle-class trivialities of realism, and the self-referencing intricacies of post-modernist fiction. And Gollancz now has fifteen titles in their "Fantasy Collection" to prove it. The existence of the genre implies, too, that there is a desire to escape into a magical world, or else to restore a sense of the numinous to the mundane. These latest additions to the Gollancz list, both by Americans, represent these alternative strategies.

Ursula K. Le Guin's *Threshold* makes its effect by a firm presentation of the world from which fantasy is an escape. Hugh is a young man who works as a checker in a supermarket and lives with his mother in a raw suburb somewhere in the West of America. His mother, whose interest in the fake occult makes a near counterpoint in the story, is unhappy because Hugh's father abandoned them some time ago, and his mother, however, is a woman who works as a checker in a supermarket and lives with his mother in a raw suburb somewhere in the West of America. His mother, whose interest in the fake occult makes a near counterpoint in the story, is unhappy because Hugh's father abandoned them some time ago, and his mother, however, is a woman who works as a checker in a supermarket and lives with his mother in a raw suburb somewhere in the West of America. 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# New poems from 'The School of Eloquence'

By Tony Harrison

## Continuous

James Cagney was the one up both our streets.  
His was the only art we ever shared.  
A gangster film and choc ice were the treats  
that showed about as much love as he dared.

He'd be my own age now in '49!  
The hand that glinted with the ring he wore,  
his father's, tipped its treasure into mine  
just as the organist dropped through the floor.

He's on the platform lowered out of sight  
to organ music, this time on looped tape,  
into a furnace with a blinding light  
where only his father's ring will keep its shape.

I wear it now to Cagneys on my own  
and sense my father's hands cupped round my treat—  
they feel as though they've been chilled to the bone  
from holding my ice cream all through White Heat.

## Illuminations

The two machines on Blackpool's Central Pier.  
The Long Drop and The Haunted House gave me  
my thrills the holiday that post-war year  
but my father watched me spend impatiently:

Another tanner's worth, but then no more!

But I sneaked back the moment that you napped.  
Fifty weeks of ovens; and six years of war  
made you want sleep and ozone, and you snapped:

Bugger the machines! Breathe God's fresh air!

I sulked all week, and wouldn't hold your hand.  
I'd never heard you mention God, or sugar,  
and it took me until now to understand.

I see now all the piled old pence turned green,  
enough to hang the murderer all year  
and stare at millions of ghosts in the machine—

the penny dropped in time! Wish you were here!

We built and bombed Boche stulaks on the sands,  
or hunted for beached starfish on the rocks  
and some days ended up all holding hands  
gripping the pier machine that gave you shocks.  
The current would connect. We'd feel the buzz  
revel our loosening ties to one tense grip,  
the family circle, one continuous US!  
That was the first year on my scholarship  
and I'd be the one who'd make that circuit short.  
I lectured them on neutrons and Ohm's Law  
and other half-baked Physics I'd been taught.  
I'm sure my father felt I was a bore.

Two dead, but current still flows through us three  
though the circle takes for ever to complete—  
eternity, annihilation, me,  
that small bright charge of life where they both meet.

The family didn't always feel together.  
Three silent teas with all of us apart  
when no-one spoke except about the weather  
and not about his football or my art.

And in those silences the grating sound  
of father's ceteri, the clock's loud tick,  
the mine subsidence from deep underground,  
my main's loose bottom teeth's relentless click.

And when, I'm told, St. James's came to fetch her,  
My teeth I were the final words my mother said.  
Being without them, even on a stretcher,  
was more undignified than being dead.

Ay! I might have said, and put her in her box  
dressed in that long gown she bought to wear,  
not to be outclassed by those posh frocks,  
at her son's next New York premiere!

## Turns

I thought it made me look more 'working class'  
(as if a bit of chequered cloth could bridge that gap!)  
I did a turn in it before the glass.  
My mother said: It suits you, your dad's cap.  
(She preferred me to wear suits and part my hair—  
You're every bit as good as that lot are!)

All the pension queue came out to stare.  
Dad was sprawled beside the postbox (still V.R.),  
his cap turned inside up beside his head.  
smudged HAIR in purple Indian ink  
and Drycleaner sticks displayed so folk might think  
he wanted charity for dropping dead.

He never begged. For now! Death's reticence  
crowned his life's and me, I'm opening my trap  
to bask the class that broke him for the pence  
that splash like brackish tears into our cap.

## Collect

Though my mother was already two years dead  
Dad kept her slippers warming by the gas,  
put hot water bottles her side of the bed,  
and still went to renew her transport pass.

You couldn't just drop in. You had to phone.  
He'd put you off an hour to give him time  
to clear away her things and look alone  
as though his still raw love were such a crime.

He couldn't risk my blight of disbelief  
though sure that very soon he'd hear her keep  
scraps in the rusted lock and end his grief.  
he knew she'd just popped out to get the tea.

I believe life ends with death, and that is all.  
You haven't both gone shopping; just the same,  
in my new black leather phone book there's your name  
and the disconnected number I still call.

## Clearing

The ambulance, the hearse, the auctioneers  
clear all the life of that loved house away.  
The hard-earned 'treasures' of some fifty years  
size 11 up as junk, and shifted in a day.

A summerer died here, and I believe  
this front room with such ghosts taught me my trade  
Now strangers chip the putterwork as they leave  
the spotless piano that was never played.  
The fingerprints they leave now won't wipe clean,  
nor politely ask them first to wipe their boots,  
nor coax her crumpled soil patch back to green  
after they've trodden down the pale spring shoots.

I'd hope my mother's spirit wouldn't chase  
her scattered household, even if it could.  
How could she bear it when she saw no face  
stare back at her from that long polished wood?

The landlord's glad to sell. The neighbourhood,  
he fears, being mostly black, 's now on the skids.  
The gate my father made from broad-bray wood  
grows at the high jinks of Jamaican kids.

Bless this house's new black owners, and don't curse  
that reggae boom through rooms where you made hush  
for me to study in (though I write verse!)  
and wouldn't let my sister use the flush!

The hearse called at the front, the formal side  
Strangers used it, doctors, and the post.  
It had a show of flowers till you died.  
You'll have to use the front if you're a ghost,  
though it's as flat and bare as the back yard:  
a heaten hard square patch of sour soil.

Hush!  
Haint me and not the house,  
I've got to lurd  
my ghost's loud bootsoles with fresh midnight oil.

# viewpoint

DOUGLAS DUNN

Poetry is not a competition." I think it was Dylan Thomas who said it, and he was right. Poetry is many things before it is an animal contest of the accomplished and the hopeful. All too evident in the British literary scene, however, is a thoroughgoing competitiveness: presumably it is nothing other than an expression of fame-seeking, envy and resentment, on play their shabby parts. Nor should we discount that secret but high value which allegedly under-acknowledged poets are prone to place on their work.

Given that this contentious framework is with us, it is entirely predictable that the National Poetry Competition, organized by the Poetry Society and Radio 3, should have been seen by some as implicated within it. Along with Patricia Beer and George MacBeth, helped judge this year's competition. I do not know the opinions of my fellow judges, but I have some reason to believe that the Poetry Society's competition is benevolent and disinterested in intention. It draws from too wide a pool for it to serve one section of taste. The National Poetry Competition is, however, only one of a growing number of poetry competitions. A few remarks on poetry competitions may not, therefore, be out of the way.

One criticism I have heard is that these formal competitions promote a laudable view of new poetry. The risk, it seems, is that the "university public" will assume that second-prize-winning poem is the best poem written in that year (though it could be), instead of the best poem submitted, anonymously, to the three judges. Contemporary poetry, it is contended, is thereby misrepresented to a public which consumes news from papers, radio and television, but which knows nothing of new poetry. This is a peculiarly fashionable way of looking at poetry competition. It is as if that competitiveness I have described, as well as from a rapacious notion of "the public", what may well be disliked about these competitions is that they are not controlled by the elites.

"The poem that is worth £1,000," a pretty judicious stroke of public policy—whether the press or the Poetry Society's I am not sure, but would like to think the former's. The new £5,000 competition run by the Arvon Foundation, the Observer, and the South Bank Show could, it is felt like it, offer the winner the prestige of having written the poem worth five times as much as the poem that won the last competition.

I suspect that this new, far wealthier condemnation has added a touch of crudity to the whole business. What it looks like is very much a competition competing with a competition. A poem may be of limited cultural value, but who, and what, does it serve to fix a price, or a prize, of up to £5,000 on a single poem? It may do the poet a great deal of good, and there is the prize-money, then the greater prestige of winning: that does seem a likely equation. It would be a pity if non-competitive, traditionally-assured poets were to feel that these competitions. If they do enter, they may feel that they are making applications for a form of patronage which involves the indignity of going through hoops.

At the 'penurious' end of the scale, it is worth remembering that many a fine modern poem was, and that many fine new poems still are, printed in little magazines with nothing in return, other than a thank-you letter, sometimes from the author to the editor.

No one would weep were that to be changed. Will competitions, though, with their big cheques and their publicity, encourage the sale of books of new poetry? Will they encourage bookshops to stock them? Will they encourage news-stands to carry even the better-known literary periodicals? I doubt it, but such remarks on poetry competitions worth trying to achieve.

Whom do these competitions serve? In the Poetry Society/Radio 3 competition, there were some 20,000 poems (each judge read a third of the entries) and some 6,000 citizens, with some already well-known poets among them, and a number of interesting newcomers. It is as simple as that. Shortlists were compiled and exchanged among the team of judges. Finally, the three judges, and decided which poems were to receive prize money. Tony Harrison's "Timor" and Hugo Williams's "Tangerines" were chosen unanimously for first and second. Admiring both poets, and satisfied that the excellence of their work should be apparent on the day, it disturbed me none the less that their poetry should have been head-and-shoulders above the rest of the entry.

## Newly hatched

by Vicki Feaver

FLYNN: Strange Routine  
Pop. Bloodaxe Books, £2.50.  
0 90427 20 7

Sometimes a young poet seems to emerge immaculately with a fully-fledged voice and style of his own. Most, however, still carry, to the greater or lesser extent, traces of the eggs they hatched from. Tony Flynn's first book, *A Strange Routine*, shows him to be very much a product of the Ian Hamilton/Hugo Williams stable with just a dash—this is what gives his poetry its redeeming zest—of working-class poets such as Douglas Dunn.

Flynn's vignettes of marriage and separation, couples caught in their male domestic dramas, could come straight out of Williams. His descriptions of dying and madness are closer to Hamilton: indeed some of his poems are so Hamiltonian that it would be difficult to tell them apart. "Growing", for example, which begins "You are the child I left behind", is uncannily similar in tone to Hamilton's "Words" from *The Visit* (beginning "You've had no life at all/To speak of, silent child").

This is not to say that Flynn is a plagiarist or a bad poet, but simply that he seems to have absorbed the mannerisms of others as one does alcohol into the bloodstream. Curiously, though probably unintentionally, through probably a *Strange Routine* raises this process metaphorically to another experience: that of living in someone else's flat. In it the poet describes sleeping in another man's bed, naked between his sheets, dreaming of "his small duties about the place" until, at the end of the poem, he has even begun to speak with "His accent on my words".

Flynn's own accent, not surprisingly perhaps, comes over most strongly in the poems that derive specifically from his Catholic upbringing: "Town", "After Mass", "Sunday" and "Room". "After

Mass", arguably the best poem in the book, is short enough to be quoted in full:  
Sweet candle-smoke wreathed  
the Virgin's blue smile, and incense  
sickened the air.  
Behind the old mill? Theresa  
as we dipped our fingers together  
into  
the cold stone font  
and blessed ourselves.  
The ingredients—one economically  
and marvelously observed visual  
image, a snatch of authentic speech,  
the ironic tone—combine to create  
a poem that produces little shock-  
waves in the mind.

"Town", however, although it contains a series of equally indelible images (the evidence of his brother's death, for example, "cut/In stone/at the bottom of a hill/ Francis Flynn, aged four days") and his father carrying the coffin "creaked in his arms/against the rain/ soft-pattering on wood", is less successful because Flynn, aiming perhaps at greater length and significance, tries too hard to draw conclusions and morals.

Have I been imagining, and moralizing, needlessly? Certainly, I know of nothing else which encourages the forked tongues of inner dialogue so much as anxiety of reputation, unless it is literary money. If it is any salve to wounded conceit, or literary paranoia, let me say that neither I nor Patricia Beer nor George MacBeth made so much as a single inquiry about who had even such-and-such a poem—not even those which had come close enough to the final selection for us, conceivably, to have been interested.

As for that part of the entry I read, a surprising number were tricked out with many a "tween, a 'twist, a 'twos and a 'tis. All those poeticisms of which Robert Bridges said "We'll get 'em all back!" began to look as if they had never been away. More surprising still, however, were poems praised from that anachronistic mould, but which showed signs of skill in the choice of rhymes and the handling of metres. They could not be dismissed as swiftly as my prejudices led me to believe would be the case.

Subjects recurred, as did what came to look the characteristic ways of judging Good passages of writing were not infrequently ruined by pretentious diction, suggesting the lush use of a thesaurus. Other writers let their imaginations loose on such subjects as Time, Death, Life or the Agonies of Void, without so much as a narrative, without it began to seem so much as an excuse for their philosophizing. Poems there were, too, addressed to God and all His angels, Churchill, the Queen, the Queen Mother, the royal dogs and Mrs Thatcher. There were fewer poems about redundancy and unemployment than I expected, but there were patriotic poems (some of them racist), poems of honest anxiety at the state of the nation, poems arising from recent bereavement, or from divorce, as well as poems of the most appalling loneliness.

The good poems were the ones I found the simplest to deal with: I put them to one side to show to the other judges, with a growing sense of curiosity at what poems they would be showing me. Goodish poems were more of a problem. It was with them, I knew, that mistakes could be made. Poets have made their belief clear: a competition, on that scale, amounts to little more than a lottery when the prizes are so many poems to be read by three judges. All that can be said in

reply is that, in my experience of the responsible scrutiny which took place, the outcome was a lot less uncertain than that of a lucky dip.

Irritatingly, memorable lines and phrases cropped up in poems which had little else going for them other than a fetching diction. It interested me how frequently the act of writing produced a memorable phrase when the rest of the poem was undistinguished. Possibly these were by young poets discovering what their imaginations can do. Beginnings and ends of poems often showed up best, or, as one writer put it (although writing about something else), "Half a life of practice, some success, but mostly good beginnings, unstinted".

Unbalanced, careless or disorganized—whatever the faults of the poems that were goodish, it was undeniably good (and there were many of them), I was impressed by outcrops of real, audible poetic energy. Several prizes were won by young poets who presented us not with a good line, or image but a whole poem. Other prizes were won by people who started writing late in life and who have published little. It shows that the encouragement which these competitions are meant to offer exists at a level above that of lip-service. They can bring new names before the public, before editors and publishers in particular: it is probably there that the real gesture of encouragement begins, even if it takes a competition to make that chance.

But must it take competitions to create these opportunities? Perhaps *The Observer* and the *South Bank Show* decided with benign but also altruistic and sentimental motives, to "do something for poetry". Would *The Observer* do better to print it in its literary pages, pay for it, and draw attention to it, week by week? Would the *South Bank Show* serve poetry better by presenting it more often?

The Poetry Society, as its name suggests, does a great deal for new poetry already, as, in a more special way, does the Arvon Foundation, and as, indeed, does Radio 3 with its monthly *Poetry Now* selection and other anthologies. A grand deal of time, effort, expertise and money are being expended, therefore, in putting new poetry across to the general public as well as the part of it which considers itself literary. In that endeavour, much of which is plain, sensible, steady and responsible, competitions look like an attempt to create a bit of annual excitement, something visible, which can be read about, seen on television or heard on the wireless. Given the neglect of poetry, and the imagination, in our contemporary culture, who can blame the agencies involved? If nothing else, they are trying.

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## commentary

## Sermons in stones

By John Bepko

Princely Magnificence: Court Jewellery of the Renaissance, 1500-1630  
Victoria and Albert Museum

When, in defiance of the austere St Bernard of Clairvaux, Abbot Suger of St Denis employed liturgical furniture furnished with enamel and paved with gems, he could refer his critic to the Pseudo-Arcopagite, decreeing that the lustre of rare substances constituted an emanation of God accessible to mortal powers. Suger embodied a sublime transcendence, and to the Middle Ages their costliness arose, no less than that of relics, from a spiritual essence. Rich men wore them as curative amulets. But Suger, too, his precious stones like sanctified that unfolded the divine mystery to human intuition through a series parallel to the four levels of scriptural interpretations, crowned by the allegorical species of literal identification with spiritual being, not a form of likening or a metaphor.

This exhibition presents that moment in the Renaissance when the remnants of sacred authority confronted secular power, producing jewellery rich in metaphorical statements. Gems, precious mineral fragments of heaven, were now fashioned into jewels to divine mere fleshly monarchs in a divine hierarchy made to speak an intricate symbolic language founded on the allegorical conceit. The Elizabethan Jewel Embroidered Queen Elizabeth's guided profile in crystal like a sacred relic, yet inscribed the lid, which opens to reveal her miniature, with (in Latin) "Alas that so much virtue suffused with beauty should, not last forever." Elizabeth's idea of a divine liturgy seen through a precious substance is elaborated in another jewelled conceit when Elizabeth's portrait, idealized form as the virgin Stella Britannia, is glimpsed half seen through a filigree cover centred by a star.

These jewels invoke a non-Pythagorean idea of virtue that refers itself to the divine but calls attention to earthly vice: the emblems, devices, carvings, inscriptions that form their conceits are inventions of men like Geoffrey Whitney in his *Choice of Emblems*. For all the scriptural references in these jewels, their mysteries are literary not sacred.

It remains, however, that the sacred and the secular accommodate and another with exquisite conviction during the great period represented at the Victoria and Albert show. Henry VIII and Elizabeth I look at one with the jewels that look their bodies—so even do their courtiers. They seem capable of

thinking analogically about themselves. James I, on the other hand, looks overbalanced by his treasures and surprised at his own presence. Elizabeth lived a metaphor that approached transcendence: for James wears his physical remains, the seventeenth-century twilight includes magnificent gestures—particularly Ben Jonson's and John Jones's enlargement of concealed imagery into the heroic museum, jewelled nobility at James's court. But the symbolism came to need error: most support from Jones's stage illusions in perspective, and to require ever more protected poetic inventions from Jonson.

The court jewellers could not sustain the magic either. The end is to hand when James's Queen appears in a portrait of 1617, her starved ruff shining with a trinity of diamond branches: the first outlines a crowned initial C for her

brother, Christian IV of Denmark. The second a crowned S for her mother, and the third (rather smaller) inscribes the sacred monogram IHS for Christ. By the 1630s symbolism had given way and precious stones dominated their settings, which shrank to mere means of securing gems in wearable form.

This show contains more than a hundred jewels from the great English and European collections, as well as numbers of Renaissance work in costly of the period. In addition, there is a generous selection of graphic works and a fascinating selection of nineteenth-century forgeries. This imaginative exhibition, no less than its rich catalogue published by DeBrett's, appeals both to the senses and to the intellect. Princely Magnificence is one of those rare displays of art that leads us to the spirit which originally motivated its objects.

## Dramas in labyrinths

By Virginia Llewellyn Smith

Arrest 1  
York and Albany Theatre

In wartime Czechoslovakia a man swaps a pair of socks for a pencil sharpener. Why should he do such a crazy thing? Because, he says, he couldn't see the point.

Not seeing the point is the theme of Nicholas Rankin's play *Arrest 1*, based on short stories by Jorge Luis Borges. Rankin, a Jewish writer, has a birthday party as the German tanks roll into Prague. Then the Nazis take him away. The second arrest is what happens to him in the instant before he dies. Those who have read "The Secret Miracle" will know roughly what to expect; but at its point that story is conflated with another, "Averroes's Search". In twelfth-century Cordoba the Muslim scholar Averroes tries to grasp, across 1400 years, the thought of Aristotle. In particular, what he means by the words "tragedy" and "comedy". The anonymous narrator of Borges's story was attempting "to narrate a process of a defeat"; and in separated from Averroes by a gulf at least as great as that which divides Averroes from Aristotle. In the play, that anonymous author is merged with Rankin, and for Rankin the defeat is a negation of everything he is writing, his "trying to create a character" is as he sees it both what connects him to history

and the justification of his existence in the sight of God.

There's a lot of talk about the artist's relation to history and to God: the issues are confusing and confused, and one has the impression that God's name is dropped rather indiscriminately for dramatic effect, something out of keeping with Borges's careful placing of everything, including the name of God and all other names. Yet in these labyrinths one does come up, here and there, against the shock of the dead end. At Rankin's party, where jokes about socks are mixed with harder stuff, someone tells a parable about the artists on Judgment Day. They are caught in Hell, two ways unlike God: they have made things that can't live and now their time has run out. Their predicament, we come to realize, is Rankin's own, and his tragedy.

The assimilation of a third story to the plot, "Denizens of the Plot", is rather less successful. It doesn't matter, since the Nazi arrests of Rankin in the Nazi world (theatrical companies and Munich and Traverses are certainly one of these) include women; but the stories of Rankin as an art form conveyed by Rankin, the aristocratic German officer, hang rather incongruously on all his raucous leathered jackboots and pug. The effect is too strident, though it is undeniably theatrical.

A synthesis of Borges's fiction, which would seem peculiarly resistant to any such process, is only conceivable (let alone desirable) in dramatic form, and it has to be said that *Arrest 1* does not weigh heavily, helped by some good jokes and a brilliant scene in which Rankin (excellently played by Max Harvey) tells his cell-mate the story of the sailor. Yet even here dramatic adaptations inevitably lay themselves open to comparison with the original, and the wealth of ideas this play loses by cannot altogether compensate for a blurring of focus.

At the climax of "Averroes's Search", a traveller returned from China describes to Averroes and others a theatrical performance in which a Muslim experience, in the face of intellectual scepticism, is occupied by his own credulity, and the traveller "becomes the apostle of a performance he scarcely remembered and which had annoyed him. The individuality at this instant is so vivid as almost to divert the actor from the crucial moment in which Averroes fails to grasp the connection between the concepts of Aristotle. There are examples in "Averroes's Search" of how Borges (ironically, with an irony that is suggested to the audience) would be just a meaning, just a word but for the sense of his protagonists: humanity which Borges here conveys, and which the dramatization does not. In *Arrest 1* remains something demonstrated rather than felt: the point is there all right, but it isn't sharp.

Their attitude to the kibitzers and to their own country is, of course, in strong contrast to the patient and give-and-take of the Israeli Gila (Leslie Lwin) and Am (Bruce Alexander)—a puzzle for the audience, but the play's strong characterization and humour. The burden of explaining "Englishness" to them, in himself and to the audience, falls on Mike, the student, who is forced to relinquish his customary protection of quiet and irony when he hears the two and Dave are to be expelled from the kibbutz for insulting behaviour. The reason they believe badly, explains, is because in England he cannot be working class with big army. If you try you are considered bourgeois, or as accused of having a chip on your shoulder. In such a society it is inevitable, argues Mike, that people become irresponsible and rebellious.

## Comedy of bad manners

By Lynne Truss

Not Quite Jerusalem  
Royal Court Theatre

"Rackon we've made a dreadful mistake." The first line of *Not Quite Jerusalem* sets an appropriate tone of comic misgiving. The dreadful mistake that Mike, Dave, Pete and Carlie may well have made is to become volunteers "on a kibbutz". Paul Kenner has set out, in his first play, to discover who the English so defiantly resist the demands of communal existence. Not only do his characters refuse to join in, they also see themselves as victims of some confidence trick: "Only the Jews would come up with the idea of voluntarism." The Israelis, who have patience but little sympathy for the English, have a practical solution. Why don't they leave?

And what are they doing there, anyway? One could argue that they are social misfits looking for sanctuary. This is certainly how Mike (Philip Davis) sees himself. He has just walked out of Cambridge, disgusted by what he sees as a class system that divides him from the "Englishness" which is the privilege of the upper classes. The unattractive and nervous Carrie (Aimee Haynes) is also looking for refuge ("I've got some callous if anybody wants one"). Mike, from Yorkshire (Bernard Burtcher) is a dead-end, and Pete (Kevin McNally) a wide boy from Ireland. They are proud of having nothing in common (they came to the kibbutz separately) and are adamant that they cannot be grouped together by Israelis to provide an English item for a volunteer entertainment. They are uncooperative for two reasons: "First, they fear being exploited—only the Jews could come up with a system where you don't have to travel to see the world"—and second, they deny that they have an English heritage from which to draw material. England has given them nothing: why should they celebrate what is not theirs? "I thought I left England behind when I got on the plane. That's why I got on the plane."

Their attitude to the kibitzers and to their own country is, of course, in strong contrast to the patient and give-and-take of the Israeli Gila (Leslie Lwin) and Am (Bruce Alexander)—a puzzle for the audience, but the play's strong characterization and humour. The burden of explaining "Englishness" to them, in himself and to the audience, falls on Mike, the student, who is forced to relinquish his customary protection of quiet and irony when he hears the two and Dave are to be expelled from the kibbutz for insulting behaviour. The reason they believe badly, explains, is because in England he cannot be working class with big army. If you try you are considered bourgeois, or as accused of having a chip on your shoulder. In such a society it is inevitable, argues Mike, that people become irresponsible and rebellious.

This is an entertaining and thoughtful play, well directed by Les Waters, and well played by the cast. It is not a far response of its characters, it convincingly and humorously conveys a sense of injustice.

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Samuel Johnson as "Old Wisdom, Hinking at the Stars" (the star is Milton and Pope). The 1752 engraving is in an exhibition of caricatures and cartoons at the Robert Hounam Gallery, 93 Great Russell Street, London WC1.

## British films at the London Film Festival

By Ian McEwan

There is a familiar pattern at the London Film Festival whenever a British film has been shown. The director mounts the stage to acknowledge applause; a brief silence, and then the first question: "Has your film found a distributor?" The answers range from "No" to "No, but perhaps..." The cynicism and timidity of our major distributors have been celebrated often enough. So, too, our misfortune in sharing a language with the busiest film industry in the world. Distributors here dutifully promote the latest fashion from the United States. Spacehips for a while, then Sam's possession, then cutting up women—this has been such a favourite, both on the screen and in the streets, that you may reasonably conclude that men have declared war on women. Before 1963 our misfortune was to share a language with the busiest popular music industry in the world. That a few British films got made each year, against all the odds, is a measure of the great army of talent—directors, writers, cameramen, actors—that lies in wait for its 1963.

The experience of West German television several years ago suggests that television companies could nurture a film industry by backing projects for general distribution and then broadcasting them after a suitable interval. It sounds a simple solution, but management and unions have found it difficult to agree on how, and how much, everybody should be paid. *The Long Good Friday*, directed by John Mackenzie and starring Bob Hoskins, was made with television money but intended exclusively for the big screen. Now its backers, and Grade's company, appear to have discovered it, and unless the film is distributed by Christmas it will never be distributed. A redubbed version will be shown on television next year.

Rankin plays Harold Shand, a successful East End gang-leader surrounded by fawning thugs and a beautiful wife (Helen Mirren). A gang-leader and the police are all in Harold's pocket and he has provided over ten years of peace. Just as he is concluding a big property deal with the equally peace-loving Mafia (represented by Eddie Constantine), the IRA start to take Harold's empire apart. Finally, as the Americans pack their bags, Harold's empire crumbles. He remains unimpressed and the IRA drive Harold away to his execution; his great error of judgement was in believing he could fight them.

The cumulative menace is beautiful.

fully paced (the screenplay is by Barrie Koeff) and there is no doubt that the film could draw a large audience and create some confidence in British film making. There are spectacular explosions, a fine set piece with automobiles, and a gruesomely convincing murder with a broken bottle. Bob Hoskins, who yields the bottle, appears totally fulfilled in his role of egomaniacal assassin, key figures and hugely rich are nicely caught. Throughout the film runs a picturesque equation between the violence being done to Harold's men and the agony of Christ; in one notable scene, Harold and his gang round up, with military underworld and, bring them upside down in an abattoir next to carcasses of meat.

*The Long Good Friday*, for all its British origins, is a movie very much in the American style, virtually a genre piece and with an obvious appeal. If it cannot find its audience, things do not look good for the rest. Perhaps *Gregory's Girl*, Bill Forsyth's second feature, will slip through the net.

It is set in a new town in Scotland and tells the story of Gregory, a sixteen-year-old schoolboy, who falls in love with Dorothée, the cool, intimidatorily competent girl who displaces him in the school football team. It is a charming comedy about "normals", the type of child who, in the director's words, "still cycle to school, and pick their noses, and have pimple and ordinary hair-cut". Great play is made with role reversal. In contrast to Dorothée, Gregory is physically weak and socially inept; boys discuss recipes in the domestic science lab while elsewhere we glimpse girls performing complex chemistry experiments. Schoolboy bravado and vulnerability are the source of much humour. In one scene, an expelled proudly returns to a window-cleaner's mate. As he is doing the windows of his old classroom, his teacher interrupts her class to greet him warmly. Later, surrounded by admiring boys, smothering his customary protection of quiet and irony when he hears the two and Dave are to be expelled from the kibbutz for insulting behaviour. The reason they believe badly, explains, is because in England he cannot be working class with big army. If you try you are considered bourgeois, or as accused of having a chip on your shoulder. In such a society it is inevitable, argues Mike, that people become irresponsible and rebellious.

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## Crumbs from the viewing table

By Richard Combs

To Woody Allen from Europe with Love  
London Film Festival

André Delvaux's new film is a portrait of one film director by another, done with a self-conscious professional courtesy and reserve, a circumspection which at times looks like caution in dealing with his subject. Delvaux filmed Woody Allen on location in Oyster Bay for *Stardust Memories*, and in conversation in his Manhattan apartment. The result is tentative, a combination of gentle probing and a sense of horror, allowing the subject to present himself in terms of his self-deprecating screen persona. Woody is seen practising the clarinet in his apartment and runs through his filmography as a catalogue of which disappointment keeps pace with ambition, from his first effort of work as a scriptwriter (*What's New, Pussycat?*) to his "primitive" early attempts to direct himself (*Take the Money and Run*) and his realization, about the time of *Love and Death*, that he was too good to be funny to be taken as seriously as he would have liked.

This is relaxed and amiable enough, picking up the loose ends

she can get on with her training. Yet in a school where every male, from the smallest, nose-picking runt to the senior teachers, is leering or whistling at the girls or chattering to Dorothée, and her friends seem to survive such an intense and continuous scrutiny. All the same, the microcosm of schoolboy society is exquisitely evoked: the pushy media kid on the school newspaper, the domestic science dough-nut being sold under the counter to the headmaster; the boys' lavatory transformed during break-time into a speakeasy. Forsyth's film would have generated something more complex than chavim had he not been so sure of his society to the girls, rather than exiling them in their infidelity.

Ken Loach's film *The Gamekeeper*, adapted by Barry Hines from his excellent novel, will be on television soon, but it deserves to be seen on the large screen for Chris Menzies's photography. Like the novel, the film follows the activities through the seasons of George Furse, gamekeeper on a large estate. He raises pheasants from eggs to chicks, runs the young poult into who covers, and at the end of the year organizes the beaters to flush the birds out so that they can be shot down by the estate owner and his sporting chums. There is an intelligent watchfulness about Loach's directing that is hard to define: his rational disgust for injustice is tempered by the breadth and sensitivity of his sympathies.

The opening shot of the film is of a cage barely larger than the pheasant it contains. Furse, the television captor, lifts the bird into a sack. He himself is trapped by the system of land ownership with his tied cottages and lack of job security. He has no compunction about turning in his acquaintance for poaching. He terrorizes the children who stray onto his master's land from a nearby estate. He dominates his housewife, and his wife is isolated because of his job. Furse is a man in the cottage from his friends in town. He forbids his son to have a kitten in case it hurts the pheasant chicks.

Both oppressed and oppressing, the gamekeeper, brilliantly acted by Phil Aslam, remains precariously on the edge. He is a man of his time, a man of his time, a man of his time. He is a man of his time, a man of his time, a man of his time.

work on *Stardust Memories*. This process in turn allows the fears involved to rise to the surface—fear of making the wrong choices, for example, or of falling to interest one's family, friends, public. In Allen's case there are some specific references involved here to his middle-class Jewish background, and to the fear of death, which has increasingly infected his films. *To Woody Allen* in fact ends with its subject ruminating on death in a characteristic vein: "There are worse things than death. Did you ever spend an evening with an insurance salesman?" But it says something for this light, lyrical, impressionistic portrait that the effect is not pretentious but introspective.

Woody Allen's latest film, *Stardust Memories*, opens at various cinemas on December 18 and will be reviewed in the TLS next week. The National Film Theatre is running Doris Day season throughout December. The programme this week is: Monday, December 15, *Love Me Or Leave Me, Julie and Margaret*; Tuesday 16, *The Pajama Game and Teacher's Pet*; Wednesday 17, *It Happened To Jane*; Thursday 18, *Pillow Talk and Please Don't Eat the Daisies*; Friday 19, *Love Came Back* and *Billy Rose's Jumbo*.

## Oxford University Press

Women and Philanthropy in Nineteenth-Century England  
F.K. Prochaska

This study analyses the role of women in nineteenth-century English philanthropy and investigates their motives and methods. It shows how women increased their authority in charitable societies and changed the direction of philanthropic enterprise. By their hard work and their financial contributions, women opened up opportunities for themselves and broke down much of the prejudice against them in public life. Illustrated £15.95, paper covers £8.95

## The Orchard Upstairs

Penelope Shuttle

Penelope Shuttle's poems have appeared in many magazines and broad-sheets in recent years, but this is her first full-length collection. The poems in this collection explore neglected and unfamiliar areas of feminine life in a highly controlled and increasingly pure style. She approaches complex and mysterious experiences with accuracy, ordered language, some of the more recent poems have the incantatory and dense manner of spells. Paper covers £3.95

## Poems 1955-1980

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## A Bibliography of Virginia Woolf

New edition

B.J. Kirkpatrick

This bibliography, prepared with the late Leonard Woolf's full agreement and cooperation, has been greatly expanded since it was first published in 1957. After Leonard Woolf's death in 1969, material became available and thus made possible the identification of a further fifty-eight reviews, most of which are unsigned. These new items, together with details of her *Letters*, *The Waves*, and other hitherto unpublished material, including seventy-four new translations and editions are recorded in this new edition. £20. *Soho Bibliographies*

## The Politics of Self-Sufficiency

Michael Allaby and Peter Bunyard

The authors try to identify the essential core of environmentalist belief and to view this in philosophical and political terms. They hope that this will encourage a wide debate that leads to the emergence of a coherent political philosophy for the self-sufficiency and environmental movements. £7.95. *Oxford Paperbacks* £3.95

## De Beauvoir's daughters

By Carol Rumens

Shakespeare's Sister  
ICA Theatre

Someone going to see Monstrous Regiment's production of *Shakespeare's Sister* expects a specific exploration of the lives of women artists—Elizabethan, Victorian or otherwise—in a disappointing. Although Virginia Woolf's famous conjecture about "Judith Shakespeare" is thwarted in her efforts to develop "a gift, like her brother's, for the time of words," is eagerly seized on by the play's timid housewives as a spur to their mild rebellions, any passage on women's lack of rights would presumably have done as well. Behind the mistletoe, however, the director, Hilary Westlake, and the troupe have put together an extremely lively short entertainment.

Essentially a series of close-knit and well sustained comic sketches, *Shakespeare's Sister* was first devised by the Parisian Fringe com-

pany Théâtre de l'Aquarium, using taped interviews, press reports, and so on. The action centres on four doll-like brides, ballistically played by Gillian Bowler, Josefina Cupido, Gillian Hanna and Mary McCusker in stiff and snowy Pro Napkin gowns, and on two grey-stockinged grandmothers (superbly contrasted vignettes by David Bradford and John Slade).

The show rattles obvious signs of the Celtic origins, notwithstanding Gillian Hanna's accomplished translation. The rapid-fire, almost instantaneous, in passing down the law and lore of female subordination, it is a more serious charge might be that the play is diagnosing the troubles of the kind of woman-centred (and definitely described by Simone de Beauvoir in *The Second Sex*)—who is already ceasing to exist. However, it is the sort of play that can be enjoyed on any levels, with its combination of music, dance, mime and speech, and the actors are so skilful that not even a little girl (Mammoth Bear) or a fire cockle can upstage them.



# As long as it takes

By Phillip Bergson

Alexander the Great  
London Film Festival

Although its title may suggest otherwise, the latest, longest film by the Greek director, Alexander the Great, is not a historical epic. Alexander the Great is a world away from either the Hollywood extravaganza of *Clint Eastwood's* *Kluge's* *Kagemusha*, even if it is a classical and contemporary political theme. Its protagonist, played by Omero Antonutti, is not the Hellenistic conqueror of half the globe, but a brilliant young man, a scholar, a philosopher, who offers himself as the liberating hero of the Greek folk and the low-brow fiction of the Turkish occupation.

Appropriately, mysteriously one night from an island prison, "Alexander" and his rugged band of men, a group of Greek and European avant-garde film-makers, are watching the last rise on the first day of the twentieth century. They can only recall fragments of Sophocles remembered from school, part of their antique romantic vision of a land with newer problems than the old. They would allow this to be the film's "future," a scandal of the 1970s which had the same outcome as the film's—and the film's—killing.

The hostages are taken to a

## Packing it in

By Thomas Blaikie

Love in a Cold Climate  
Thomas IV

Two of Nancy Mitford's novels have been beaten together by Simon Raven to make this series. It was a mistake. Nothing will bequeath the fact that the principal events of *The Pursuit of Love* are a string of unspectacular lunches and balls. *Love in a Cold Climate*, with its generally superior organization and individual moments—the brilliantly timed arrival of Cordie, the "utopian" visit to the vicarage—Montdoré—is spoiled by the contact.

There are some inspired additions in the dramatization (Barbara's Uncle Matthew only just prevented from stealing the Montdoré Rolls, and the trumpeting of the young man which transforms the Alchibell ball) and the tawdry second half of *The Pursuit* is tied up. There are also two memorable scenes: the Bolter trying to remember her husband's, and Davey's rhapsody on the store cupboard. But the main problem remains. Raven has compensated for the loss of Mitford's comic narrative, and the characterization it makes possible, by giving characters their own

remote village (the deserted Dorsiko, in Northern Macedonia, the historical Alexander's native region) where the peasant-types at first welcome the pompous thing but are soon confused by the arrival of some fugitive Italian anarchist-communists, who attempt to reeducate the villagers in socialism. But conspicuous-necked sessions in the local school are dispersed by some bristly-administered rifle shots, and as Alexander degenerates into a grim Stalinist, even his daughter becomes a willing victim of his purges.

This unhappy scene prompts an epileptic fit on the new tyrant, another of the ways in which Alexander is identified with his illustrious namesake. But in rejecting the government's amnesty and "show trial" Alexander misjudges his hold on the people, who eventually turn on him in a Euripidean spasm of anger and utterly devour his body. A wounded boy rides fortuitously away to reach modern Athens as the struggle goes on, the heavily underscored point, only the oppressor's names have changed.

Alexander the Great shared a top prize at Venice with John Cassavetes' more orthodox gangster movie *Gloria*, accentuating the differences between American commercial and European avant-garde film-making. Largely financed by Italy's RAI-TV, *Alexander the Great* is a film. Sequences follow "real time" and while there is an undeniable technical virtuosity in the way he directs small crowds through ten-minute shots, the cumulative effect—added to the already heavy mixture of legend, myth, symbolism and stylized historical reconstruction—dulls the viewer's sensibility in the course of four hours.

stock phrases, which is ineffective; elsewhere, he does not compensate at all, allowing, for instance, an inappropriate seriousness to settle when Lady Patricia dies—an event treated comically in the novel. A number of important explanations are left out and only those who know the stories will follow some developments.

Even so, opportunities offered by the script are missed. In the first episode, the troupe of child actors fail to convey that Uncle Matthew's children are clever aristocratic savages, although Tigger Foster is calmly lunatic as Lady. Lady Guttridge as the temperamental heroine who finds love and dies, can't avoid a soporific out of key with the novel's claim for the girl's bewitching originality. On the other hand, the spectacle of Lady Montdoré (Vivian Pickles) devouring her own image in a hand mirror is unforgettable, and Michael Aldridge is an effectively explosive Uncle Matthew.

All the performances are threatened by being placed in a period detail, not all of it prompted by the stories. Too much close-up makes the interiors look like doll's houses: no hope of Lady Montdoré bringing off her expansive gestures when you have all

## Northern Ireland

Sir—In his reply (Letters, November 28), to my review of *Neighbours* Conor Cruise O'Brien avoids answering the questions I raised about his analysis of Irish politics. Briefly, the questions I addressed in his were: why did he not publish in *States of Ireland* his 1968 lecture recommending a campaign of civil disobedience in the North of Ireland? Does his support of the Union of Great Britain and Northern Ireland mean that he condones the actions of those terrorist groups which also support the link with Britain?

Although I implicitly answered the latter question for him it would be helpful if he would confirm or deny the answer—an answer which severely weakens his argument that belief in a United Ireland "legitimizes the IRA campaign in Northern Ireland."

Perhaps Dr O'Brien can also confirm whether the actions of the RUC in 1969 embarrassed him into silently removing two crucial sentences from the version of his essay on civil disobedience which he published in *States of Ireland*?

TOM PAULIN.

10 Elm Tree Avenue, West Bridgeford, Nottingham.

## The Alternative Service Book

Sir—If the TLS of November 14 really was delivered to Miles Coverdale, I am sure he will have read my article more carefully than Mr Hope seems to have done. I do not claim that my opinions are those of Cranmer, Coverdale or Tyndale. (It is rather the apologists of the *Alternative Service Book* who encourage me to do so in the vernacular.) Nor do I anywhere seek to discourage new translations of the Psalms or of any other part of the Scriptures. So far as the scriptural question is concerned, the versions, eminently suited for public reading and so used for centuries, should be replaced by versions more lively, more modern, and that on full ground literary and sociological rather than on theological ones, whether fullness or not.

C. H. SISSON.

Monkfield Cottage, The Hill, Langport, Somerset TA10 0PU.

## Monumenta Britannica

Sir—We were pleased with the excellent review Dr Michael Watkinson (November 28) gave our publication of the first volume of John Aubrey's *Monumenta Britannica*. The point he raises, whether to edit or not to publish a manuscript whose author has been dead for three centuries, would amount to censorship. The problem is that the manuscript is not a coherent whole, but a working journal with notes, letters, scraps, cuttings from journals, and pages torn from books.

John Fowles and I discussed the question of deletions. But the material we were tempted to reject often contained crucial archaeological information and fascinating sidelight on seventeenth century life and characters. It is because of this that *Monumenta* is such a marvellous and engrossing compilation. It is one of the great quarries of British antiquarian thought. Aubrey, the discoverer of Avebury, did not have any means for distinguishing between the valuable and the worthless. He wrote and cherishes every morsel of information, the knowledge that much may be useful, but that within are the clues to finding and following the human past. All the facts he can muster are submitted for consideration. Aubrey's struggle and his importance to archaeology is that he makes an attempt to mould this huge mass of information to support theories or fancies. The "beautiful Aubrey" to which John Fowles referred are a bonus and a pleasure, being true gems and treasures that would become in all probability the

first victims of any editing. We are working on volume two, which is even more of a collection of unrelated notes along a broadening theme, and this will appear in about six months. It will have a full index to both volumes, which contain the earliest known references to about 1,500 ancient monuments in the British Isles.

RODNEY LARGG.

Dorset Publishing Company, Knockmore, Millborne Port, Sherburn, Dorset DT9 5LL.

## The Tarot

Sir—It is perhaps not surprising that Graham Hough (November 7) "by such fragmentary information as I can discover" should accept the thesis that the present-day Tarot pack—of four suits plus twenty-two major "trumps" and a Fool—should have sprung as it were, fully formed from the forehead of history; but it is rather extraordinary that Michael Dummett, after what he claims to be years of research, should be (apparently) unaware of the ancestry of those twenty-two extra cards.

Nobody (not even Professor Dummett) knows how the Tarot trumps came to be added to the standard pack of fifty-two or fifty-five cards; but it is well known that these trumps are the remnants of a pack of some fifty picture cards used for education and memory training in late medieval times. What appears to be a complete set is the *tarocchi* attributed to the artist Mantegna. These are somewhat large in format, and printed on thin paper; they are clearly not intended to be shuffled and dealt like playing cards. Numbers 1 to 10 represent the orders of the hierarchy, from the Pope to the Pope's nephew, the Cardinal. Numbers 11 to 20 comprise the nine Muses and Apollo; numbers 21 to 30 are the principal deities of medieval learning (arithmetic, poetry, grammar, rhetoric, etc.); numbers 31 to 40 represent the "sciences" of astronomy, chronology and cosmology, the four cardinal virtues and the three Christian ones; while numbers 41 to 50 comprise the seven planets, the stellar sphere, the prime mover and the four causes, as required by classical astronomy.

Each of these principal images is accompanied by its appropriate symbolic attributes. Mars, for instance, is represented as an armed man, his foot resting on a conquered city, riding in a triumphal chariot; this is the "triumph" of Mars, which has given the name of "trump" to all these pictorial cards. For Tyndale's attempt to maintain (as Graham Hough puts it) that "The figures are just the sort of thing anyone might think up in the fifteenth century; they have no meaning and it is useless to try to find one" is a gross in the extreme, a medieval user of the *tarocchi* would have little doubt of the cards represented in detail in symbolic form that made it easier to commit to memory and easier to recall later. I recommend *The Art of Memory*, by Frances Yates, to anyone who would like to pursue inquiries in this direction.

Some of the "Mantegna" *tarocchi* are strikingly close in design and appearance to the later Tarot trumps: the Bognar (card 1) to the Fool; the Artisan (card 11) to the Magician; Saturn (card XXXVII) to the Hermit; and so on. Of course there are one or two omissions—modern teachers were not so preoccupied with the Devil and Death as their successors—but these were soon made good by other, more popular packs: the *Platonic minicharte*, for instance, includes forty-two trumps, comprising very nearly all the subjects of the present-day trumps, the four elements and the twelve signs of the zodiac.

The Tarot cards were most certainly not devised 177 years after the Flood; nor do they contain the elements of any secret wisdom. Nevertheless, there is clear evidence that many of the symbols have a continuous history extending over several thousand years, and to people in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries their significance would be obvious. Professor Dummett, by devoting his time to investigating the collection of these images from antiquity to the present day, and to discovering how

some of the trumps have survived while others have vanished, is doing a good deal more than to detail the points of "four hundred hundred without purport, third form 1974."

## Melding Point

Sir—I too have been doing "meld" in the dictionary when the word crops up in a poem, and puzzled me a child and an old woman are on a village green. The old woman was a child once.

Child is, child was. Growth and come-uppance meld in the long arch of then and now, the tension held by child and crime.

It almost means fuse, and well but there is something more than and softer about the confluence. Nor finding the word in the dictionary, I reserved judgement as to whether to use it.

Then my husband said, "Meld" is a term in Canasta, and I, though, from the bookshop, I had collected the cards to "meld" in Canasta. I am a true Canasta player. I am a true Canasta player. I am a true Canasta player.

GILLIAN STONE.

Old Post Bookshop, Church Street, Shipton-under-Wychwood, Oxfordshire OX7 6HP.

Sir—In reply to Peter Nield's letter (November 21), a check in the *Pocket Oxford Dictionary* reveals the established use of "meld" as meaning to merge. The definition appears to be a valuable addition of meld and meld. The dictionary indicates an American origin.

PATRICK VIVIAN.

Department of Conservation, Lincoln College of Art, Lincoln.

## Dating MSS

Sir—Andrew Watson's complete (Letters, November 21) that my review of his *Dated and undated manuscripts* (October 24) leaves the general reader in the dark as to his aim. If so, I doubt whether I should have light on it by saying that the series to which he contributed was launched by an international body "for comparative purposes."

Comparison with dated manuscripts affords a rough means of dating undated manuscripts, so the more dated manuscripts are conveniently accessible in one place the better. Dates by themselves, however, reveal nothing and all contributors to the series, Mr Watson included, have helped to reveal something by supplying the historical information available in the subscriptions of dated manuscripts as irrelevant to the purpose of the series.

The volumes from Paris that inaugurated the series covered not only date but also provenance and scribe. Since then provenance and scribe have virtually disappeared, and all that Mr Watson offers is explanation, first in his book and now in your columns, is a reference to Dr Ker's *Medieval Libraries of Great Britain*, which has no illustrations, does not deal with scribes and confines itself as the title says to Britain.

MICHAEL D. REEVE.

Exeter College, Oxford OX1 2JF.

PONTAGE: INLAND 131P. ABBOTT.

RECEIVED: LONDON 131P. ABBOTT.

## South African Verse

Sir—Lewis Nkomo's review of Guy Butler and Chris Mann's anthology (November 21) recalls some words of Anthony Sampson in the introduction to *South African Writing Today*: "The theme of racial conflict... is understandable; it is necessary; but it makes for bad writing." And when reviewing is directed against two of the bravest and most consistent champions of education for all South Africans, with the suggestion that Guy Butler has admitted black authors to the anthology under some sort of political pressure, it calls for correction. The English department at Butler and Mann pioneered work in the "reformed" into the state in South African anthologies or journals is false.

Perhaps the routine exclusions took place before the 1968 watershed, although that is hardly recent. In 1968 Penguin published a *Book of South African Verse* (edited by Jack Cape and Uys Krige), which included over fifty poems by African, nearly all translations from various vernaculars. The year before Nadine Gordimer and Lionel Abrahams brought out *South African Writing Today* (Penguin) which included nine black authors, only one of whom was a poet. Does Mr Nkomo accuse these two devoted champions of South African writing of a routine exclusion of black poets? Surely not. The effluence of black poetry in English has been a vital to the development of those settlers of 1820 in the Eastern Cape, whose motto "We must take root and grow, or die where we stand" is carved on the splendid wall that offers new cultural opportunities to all in those regions; poets especially.

MURIEL BRADBROOK.

51 Chesterton Road, Cambridge CB4 3AP.

Sir—Lewis Nkomo's review of *A New Book of South African Verse* in *English* (November 21), contains some strange observations which call for clarification. What does he mean when he says that "the inclusion of more than a dozen black poets is not so much a response to cultural need as a yielding, and none but a concession to political pressures"? Is he suggesting that the editors (myself and Chris Mann) are in a "poor" position, and that the selection has been dictated by fear and not by a proper interest in poetry? He continues, "Not so many black writers were included as excluded from anthologies of this kind. Now, at least, Kuno, Oswald, Mithall, Mongomo, Siphosiphos, Paskal Gwala, Siphosiphos are included in this new book, and the inclusion of these poets is a welcome sign of the new South African literature." This is a strange statement. The new South African literature is a new literature, and the inclusion of these poets is a welcome sign of the new South African literature.

RONALD FRANKENBERG.

John Munnings Editor, Sociological Review, University of Keele, Keele, Staffordshire ST5 5BG.

## 'Sociological Review'

Sir—I am sure my distinguished colleague and friend Professor John Barnes of Cambridge, in writing in your issue of November 21 of the *Sociological Review*, in 1952, did not wish to attract attention from the fact that it was reborn in the same year and has now completed Volume 28 of the New Series and continues to flourish.

JOHN MANNING.

Department of English, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, BC, Canada V5A 1S6.

## Among this week's contributors

T. G. H. JAMES is Keeper of Egyptian Antiquities at the British Museum. His books include *Archaeology of Ancient Egypt*, 1972. R. W. JOHNSON is the author of *How Long will South Africa Survive?*, 1978.

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VIRGINIA LLEWELLYN SMITH's *Anton Chekhov and the Lady with the Dog* was published in 1973. A. WATSON LITTLE's books include *The Art of James Joyce*, 1961, and *John Austin: A Study of Her Artistic Development*, 1965.

HILLEN McNICHT is a lecturer in the School of English and American Studies at the University of East Anglia. IAN McEwan's *The Imitation Game: Three Plays for Television*, will be published in the spring. EUGENIE MONTAIGNE won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1975. His collections of poems include *Quadrone di quattro anni*, 1978.

J. MORRISON CROOK's books include *The Greek Revival: Neo-Classical Attitudes in British Architecture 1760-1870*, 1972. ROGER MONTAGNE's books include *The History of the Derby Stakes*, 1973.

RONALD FRANKENBERG is a lecturer in the Science Studies Unit at Edinburgh University. Y. O. SHEDDEN is the editor of *The Translation of Culture: Essays in E. E. Evans-Pritchard*, 1971. JOHN BENNETT is Professor of English at Stanford University.

WILFRED BLUNT's most recent book is *In for a Penny: a prospect of Kew Gardens*, 1978. A. K. M. BAYNE is director of the Centre of Byzantine Studies at the University of Birmingham. KEVIN CROSSLEY-HOLLAND's *The Euter Book of Riddles* will be published shortly in the TLS.

FRANK COUSTILLAN is Professor of English at the University of Lille. DOUGLAS DUNN's new collection of poems, *St. Kitts's Parliament*, will be published next year. VICKI FEATHER's first book of poems will be published by Secker and Warburg next year.

REINHOLD FRIEDLÄNDER is the author of *Flourishing Gothic Painters: From Giotto to Manet*, 1973. MICHAEL GRANT's books include *The Twelve Caesars*, 1975, and *History of Rome*, 1978. RICHARD HARRIS is Visiting Professor of Par Eastern Affairs at Imperial College, London. TONY HARRISON's *The School of Elphinstone* was published in 1978. The poems in this week's TLS are new additions to the title-sequence.

ROBERT HARRISON is the author of *Ungers*, 1978. Its sequel, *In Ungers*, will be published next year. KENNETH INCHAM's books include *A History of East Africa*, 1962.

## Peter Porter

Sir—In a book which I published in 1972 I took issue with something that Peter Porter had said about poetry in *I, Peter Porter*. The poem in print in the late 1960s and soon had an entire anthology devoted to it: *Black Poets in South Africa*, Heinemann 1974. As the editor, Robert Royston, says in his introduction: "All but one of the names in this anthology began appearing in little magazines from 1968 onwards." (Two, possibly three of them, were first published in *Grass*, a journal of the South African literary scene, which included sixteen poets, three of whom were black. The suggestion that Mr Porter's generation has been to fight for recognition in South African anthologies or journals is false.)

Perhaps the routine exclusions took place before the 1968 watershed, although that is hardly recent. In 1968 Penguin published a *Book of South African Verse* (edited by Jack Cape and Uys Krige), which included over fifty poems by African, nearly all translations from various vernaculars. The year before Nadine Gordimer and Lionel Abrahams brought out *South African Writing Today* (Penguin) which included nine black authors, only one of whom was a poet. Does Mr Nkomo accuse these two devoted champions of South African writing of a routine exclusion of black poets? Surely not. The effluence of black poetry in English has been a vital to the development of those settlers of 1820 in the Eastern Cape, whose motto "We must take root and grow, or die where we stand" is carved on the splendid wall that offers new cultural opportunities to all in those regions; poets especially.

DONALD DAVIE.

4400 Belmont Park Terrace, 230 Caesar Court, Nashville, Tennessee 37215.

## Family Romance

Sir—During the past year or so I have noticed frequent use of Freud's term, "family romance," by historians and literary critics, to designate (apparently) the entire web of relationships within the nuclear family. And now Phyllis Grosskurth, in her review of the sixth volume of the *Virginia Woolf Letters* (October 31) employs the term to refer to Virginia Woolf's entire life. Although Professor Grosskurth may be using the expression a bit facetiously, surely it is time to ask out that the "family romance" is a purely analytic term referring specifically to a particular childhood fantasy, that of really being the child of other, and nobler, parents than one's own. Freud is perfectly consistent in his use of this term from 1897 to 1930, and it seems strange that so many scholars, presumably devoted to clarity and precision of language, should in effect debase the term to the point where it ceases to have any very clear meaning. Can any of your readers, or perhaps Professor Grosskurth herself, offer any enlightenment as to the origin of this distortion of a very clear and useful Freudian concept?

MICHAEL STEIG.

Department of English, Simon Fraser University, Burnaby, BC, Canada V5A 1S6.

## 'The Men with the Pink Triangle'

Sir—Both the persecution of homosexuals and the atrocities of the Nazis are very much live issues, and it is perfectly right that books like Heinz Heger's *The Men with the Pink Triangle* should be brought to the public's attention. The fact that far fewer homosexuals than Jews died in concentration camps should not be allowed to obscure their appalling fate. May I, however, redress an imbalance of perspective in Harold Pinter's review (November 28) of that book? He has not, of course, made any errors of fact, but he has failed to tell the whole story.

Crucially, homosexuality was not simply a cause for persecution by Nazis outside and communists inside the camps; it was also one of the Kapos' most powerful weapons. As common criminals who had spent much of their lives in prison, many of them were "homosexuals by necessity" outside the camps, and they could secure sexual satisfaction in return for treating men with pink triangles less badly; they also induced heterosexual prisoners to submit to sodomy with promises of extra rations, a less demanding workload, a place at the block chief's bedside in winter, and so on.

PAUL EDWARDS.

65 Friars Street, Bridgworth, Shropshire WV16 4R.

## The Wyndham Lewis Society

Sir—Bernard Bergson (October 31) mentions the Wyndham Lewis Society and its newsletter, *Enemy News*. *Enemy News* to which I have contributed articles on all aspects of Lewis's life and work (literary and visual); inquiries about it and the Society can be made to The Secretary, 148 Bellahouston Drive, Glasgow, Scotland G52 1HL.

PAUL EDWARDS.

65 Friars Street, Bridgworth, Shropshire WV16 4R.

## Author, Author

No competition this week, but a special Christmas edition next week. Result of Competition No 45: Winner, Jane Phillips, 14 Bonhill Lane, Cambridge. Answers: (1) "Take care of him. He bites."—Dickens, *David Copperfield*, Ch V (the placard David is made to wear at Salem House). (2) His biting is immoral; those that do die of it do seldom or never recover.—Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*, V ii. (3) On a festive occasion you are ordered, for a forfeit, to pretend to be a hyena: going down on all fours, you make a few essays at hissing, laughing and finally bite my calf, taking, with a touch of realism, possibly exceeding your hopes, a fair-sized piece right out of it. Try to pretend that you were only pretending, and I shall advise forcibly to the state of my calf—not much pretence about that, is there? There are limits, old sport. This sort of thing in these circumstances will not pass as "only" pretending to be a hyena."—J. L. Austin, *Philosophical Papers*, "Pretending".

J. L. AUSTIN.

Philosophical Papers, "Pretending".

## William Morris A BOOK OF VERSE

Introductory notes by Roy Strong and Joyce Irene Whalley

A Book of Verse, produced as a birthday gift for Georgina Turner-Jones in 1870, was the first major example of calligraphy and illumination undertaken by William Morris. This facsimile edition is its first publication of any kind.

The manuscript drew upon the various talents of the Morris workshop, including Edward Burne-Jones, and shows that visionary blending of the medieval and the modern which marks Morris's work. It contains twenty-five of Morris's own poems which are mostly personal in content and wistful in tone. The book is illustrated with delicate and detailed paintings and decorated with borders of leaves and flowers that twine up the margins and interleave themselves gracefully into the text of the poems.

A Book of Verse is certainly among the most beautiful manuscripts of modern times and the facsimile edition, both printer and publisher, have spared no pains to produce a facsimile fully worthy of the original. The manuscript is printed in up to eight colours plus gold.

The edition is limited to 300 copies. 238 copies are quarter bound in cloth, and 62 copies, one for each year of Morris's life, are bound in a facsimile of the original Riviere vellum binding blocked with gold. All copies are accompanied by separately printed introductory notes and presented in a folder box.

A prospectus is available on request. 64 pages 275 x 210mm box size 310 x 235mm Numbers 1-62 1980 £ 8.95 63-7 £ 10.00 Numbers 63-300 1981 £ 8.95 66 4 £ 19.5

SOLAR PRESS 90/91 Great Russell Street London WC1N 3PV

## South African Verse

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# Intelligentsia of office

By Robert Wistrich

GEORGE KONRAD and IVAN SZELÉNYI

The Intellectuals on the Road to Class Power

Translated by Andrew Arato and Richard E. Allen  
252pp. Brighton: Harvester, £7.50, 0 85327 148 5

FRANTISEK SILNITSKY, LARISA SILNITSKY, KARL REYMAN (Editors)

Communism and Eastern Europe  
242pp. Brighton: Harvester, £10.50, 0 85327 288 0

What is the position of the intelligentsia in contemporary East European society? Does it constitute a homogeneous social group which aspires towards a power monopoly? Is it perhaps a class in statu nascendi, already in the process of achieving hegemony as a result of the redistributive mechanisms which exist in state-socialist societies? These are the questions raised by Konrad and Szelenyi in a book which was written in 1974, struggled out of Hungary and only recently published in the West.

The authors document the historical evolution of the intelligentsia as a group under East European conditions where the centralised state took on the primary role of "rational redistribution" and modernisation. In the underdeveloped market economies of Eastern Europe where modern bureaucratic structures rapidly eliminated all feudal and aristocratic rivals for power and the bourgeoisie of its own, the stage was set for the emergence of a powerful and secure intelligentsia of office. There was no democratic institutional framework as in the West, which permitted the separation of economic and political power, and "insufficient" scope existed within the market economy for the ambitions of the dissident group of the intelligentsia. Bureaucratic eventually provided the latter group with their most direct road to power by offering them the position of "ideological redistributors", disposing of the surplus product in place of the landlords and capitalists who had been expropriated in the name of the working class.

According to Konrad and Szelenyi, the monopolistic control exercised by the Communist Party over the allocation and distribution of resources has disguised the real class dichotomy which exists between the working class and the intelligentsia in state-socialist societies. In spite of the abolition of private ownership, the workers remain an underprivileged class, deprived of any self-determination or control over the surplus product; wage differences, inequality of income and status, economic exploitation and alienation from work constitute structural problems less acute than in capitalist societies.

In what sense can it be argued that the ideology of state socialism has served as a camouflage for the emergence of a new intellectual ruling group? Konrad and Szelenyi suggest that redistributive power directly expropriated from the production process under state socialism is ultimately determined by those who claim a monopoly of "ideological knowledge", who combine specialized training, technical expertise and the legitimizing role of Marxist ideology. The East European intelligentsia were ready and able to provide this historic vanguard of culture armed with the ideological knowledge to transform society and run a complex redistributive economy. In the post-socialist era they have been cautiously willing to challenge the power monopoly of the small political elite which initially persecuted them while acting on behalf of their class. Their objective is to achieve more power-sharing within the dominant "poliburocracy".

The ruling intelligentsia clearly do not constitute a class based on such criteria as ownership or inheritance of wealth. Nor can they yet pass on their power position to their children. Moreover, they are a relatively open elite through the possibilities of upward mobility for

aspiring members of the "dominated class" are probably declining. None the less, the intelligentsia remains a highly privileged group with a vested interest in maximizing its redistributive power as an administrator of the social surplus. In spite of the divisions and hierarchies within the intelligentsia, its members share a common commitment to the state and a sense of their own interdependence in pursuing societal goals which reinforce their cohesion and class power.

Konrad and Szelenyi's thesis has a beguilingly simple logic to it, and it effectively demolishes the ideological pretensions of the official intelligentsia in Eastern Europe. In the tradition of Trotsky, Burnham, Dittus and Karon, it refines the Marxist class paradigm and transmits it into a critique of the new ruling class under state socialism. Nevertheless, there are gaps and omissions in the analysis which make it doubtful whether one can apply it to Eastern Europe as a whole. In particular, the crucial role of nationalism and opposition to Soviet military domination in Eastern Europe is skirted over and the changing patterns of dissidence are insufficiently examined.

The essays collected in *Communism and Eastern Europe*, while lacking any tight editorial control or unity, are a useful corrective to the mono-causal analysis of Konrad and Szelenyi. They emphasize the diversity of Marxist orthodoxy and its critics in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Poland and East Germany. Admittedly, the editors' Hungarian rebel Miklos Haraszti who asks "What is Marxism?" similarly concludes that it is the "state religion" of planners, a vehicle for the liberation of the intelligentsia, not the working class. On the other hand, unlike Konrad and Szelenyi, he does not see in Marxism any message which will be of relevance beyond its political victory. Any attempt to crawl out of its ideological straitjacket in the direction of Eurocommunism, new leftism or neo-Marxism cannot change its essence as a vehicle for the rule of the organized intelligentsia and its cunning experts. But for the dissident intellectuals, the Prague, Warsaw and other independent critical function of intellectuals continues to play a crucial part in national resistance to the Soviet model of socialism. In particular, the younger generation of protesting intellectuals cannot be so easily isolated from the workers and peasants in their struggle for democratic reforms. For example, the Workers' Defence Committee set up in 1976 emerged as a loosely organized vanguard of intellectuals who came to the support of striking Polish workers and successfully drew on a long tradition of struggle for national independence. One of its leading activists, Adam Michnik, argues powerfully in an essay on "The Church and the Left" for a dialogue with the Catholic intelligentsia in Poland to defend common humanist values of freedom and tolerance against state totalitarianism. No inner regeneration, he suggests, is possible within the framework of the Party and Marxist doctrine.

The Czechoslovak dissidents are more sceptical about the value of programmes, declarations and political promises arising from even reformed Marxist ideology. In the light of the 1968 debacle, over a decade after the Prague Spring they have few illusions left about the possibilities of a different kind of socialism.

Perhaps the most surprising development has been the challenge to the power-monopoly of the Communist Party in East Germany from a handful of establishment intellectuals within its own midst. The texts of Marxist dissenters like Ralf Dahrendorf and Rudolf Bahro propose a radical communist alternative as well as a critique of "actual socialism" in Eastern Europe in terms of its original creed of human emancipation. Bahro's call for a "cultural revolution" against the labor aristocracy is a significant apparatus for the grass-roots of the communist idea. What Bahro shares in common with Konrad and Szelenyi is his readiness to subject state socialism as it exists in the East to the kind of critique which Marx applied to capitalism.

# Down the capitalist road

By Richard Harris

BILL BRUGGER (Editor)

China Since the Gang of Four  
281pp. Croom Helm, £14.50, 0 7099 0203 4

PETER HARRIS

Political China Observed  
229pp. Croom Helm, £11.95, 0 85664 606 7

GREG O'LEARY

The Shaping of Chinese Foreign Policy  
302pp. Croom Helm, £12.50, 0 7099 0400 2

ANDREW WATSON (Editor)

Mao Zedong and the Political Economy of the Border Region  
271pp. Cambridge University Press, £13.50 (paperback, £5.50), 0 521 22551 5

Of the younger generation of the twenties and thirties who were persuaded that the "Russian experiment" offered the best hope for Russia's future, in consequence, by contrast, the young of the fifties and sixties, similarly persuaded by Maoist moral fervour, did study Chinese. There were many reasons for this, the most obvious being the widespread post-colonial feeling of the imbalance between the self-centred imperialism of the West and what came to be dubbed the "third world" must be rebuffed. Among other things, this led to an expansion of Oriental studies in our universities. Carried away by fashion, the politically conscious teenager with his Mao poster might unhesitatingly take the first step in commitment by reading Chinese.

Unfortunately the enthusiasts found themselves on a path that offered little choice of either other than one in the academic world. While the Maoist trumpets were still sounding, and while Marxism

the spirit of Marx and Soviet orthodoxy, though Western theorists, unlike Marx, tend to treat conflict as a bad thing.

Marxism, Leninism and Theory of International Relations is an extraordinarily serious and ambitious book. It covers a great deal of ground, from general reflections on theory to detailed discussion of the views of Marx, Engels, Lenin and Stalin, and of contemporary Soviet theorists, on international relations. It compares these, systematically, with each other and with Western theory. The emphasis throughout is on the total unintelligibility of reality and the singularity of events, on the one hand, and the government of the world, on the other. Theories are seen as economic explanatory, predictive or controlling, as value or ideology-free, as descriptive or normative, as idealist or realist, as loaded with philosophical assumptions or as behaviourist in the spirit of political "science".

The aim of the volume, then, is to present an abstract, comparative analysis of "Western" and "Eastern" theories, to bring out points of conflict and agreement, to relate all this to the work of Marx and Engels themselves and to discover what extent Marx or Marxism deserves to be included in Western discussion of international relations. The aim is, of course, an interesting one; the actual performance, as loaded with philosophical assumptions or as behaviourist in the spirit of political "science".

The book is at its very best, indeed, tracing the logic of the Soviet position—the way in which changing international relations have altered the Soviet conception of international relations. To this reviewer, at least, it seems a great pity that much earnest rather amateurish concern with theory construction and the search for a "scientific" approach to international relations, and the theory of "Marxism" and the theory of "Leninism" are still accepted as the only valid basis for the study of international relations. The degree of methodological self-consciousness, of criticism of the instrument, is out of all proportion to the scope and importance of the actual points being made.

This is a very great pity. Dr

in one form or another was almost an orthodoxy in some universities, this was acceptable enough. But in the four years since Mao's death things have moved to a very different China has moved to the right faster than any other country. In the face of the ideals proclaimed by Mao during the cultural revolution, China has gone revisionist.

The essays in the collection edited by Bill Brugger, *China Since the Gang of Four*, all come from Australia where the compulsion to identify with what at one time some called the "new north" instead of the far east resulted in the creation of a proportionally greater number of posts in Chinese studies. All the essays suffer a little from the tracing of a rapidly, and disturbingly, changing situation. As the suggests, few contributors have yet come to grips with Mao and his outlook. Most share a slight sense of resentment at the fact that ideology seems to have sunk out of sight in China; there is no longer any productivity of progress other than once so confidently, and in its own distinctive way, striving towards a communist future, which is now—unmistakably—hurrying down the capitalist road.

Most contributors avoid such a forecast. They agree that the real change came not with Huo Guofeng's arrest of the Gang of Four, but with the central committee plenum of December 1978, by which time Huo's abridgement of Maoism was finally brushed aside by Deng Xiaoping's concentration on the economy. This marks the drive for productivity needs as little important as the shift from ideology, which was a Maoist left or right. Western liberal, sympathizing right. In place of all the old slogans there is Mr Deng's "practice is the test of truth".

Most of the essays also avoid firm judgments on China's current trends. Ronald Price on education comes closest to exposing China's revolutionary pretensions, since edu-

cation is now unashamedly linked to old Chinese tradition, and Greg O'Leary on foreign policy sees Mao being welcomed into the man's club. Only Sylvia Chant, who lived in China until 1972, writes of the end of Maoist shackles to future freedom.

Unlike Bill Brugger's team, Peter Harris in *Political China Observed* moves into critical China waters, and the "naivety" of the light it can throw on China's present, agencies, though not enough, gives a secure base for new, hurried additions to "experts" who show how these past few years have made it risky to publish anything about contemporary China. O'Leary's *The Shaping of Chinese Foreign Policy*, which deals with the years immediately following the Chinese revolution, has, in my view, fully researched facts and arguments and with a hurried script, including Albanian criticism of China for her desertion of revolutionary objectives.

Andrew Watson, also a contributor to the Bill Brugger collection, is on safer ground with his *Mao Zedong and the Political Economy of the Border Region*, a new translation of the report on economic and financial problems delivered by Mao to a Yenan conference that lasted from October 1942 to January 1943. In a valuable introduction Watson describes how Mao's leadership has been consolidated during the previous year thanks to the party's victory in the civil war. He refers to the party's victory over the correct line, the battle over the correct line, the battle over the correct line. Alas, the rehabilitation of the members of the Yenan generation who were thrown out by the during the cultural revolution continues. But not yet. The line is too hot. Too many reputations are involved if the cultural revolution is to be correctly assessed.

In Henry Maitland Roberts' suggested that Gissing's American admirers sought to search the *Chicago Tribune's* files for only short stories. Eventually they found Vincent and Thomas Olive Mabbott's uncovered eleven Gissing stories in *Chicago Tribune's* files, and the *Post of March*, through July of 1877. Of these, five appeared unsigned, three signed with the pseudonym "The Sign of the Cross" (1874) and *Bravado* (1874) published seven more. In the 1870s and early 1870s, three Gissing stories came to the attention of the *Chicago Tribune's* files, and the *Post of March*, through July of 1877. Of these, five appeared unsigned, three signed with the pseudonym "The Sign of the Cross" (1874) and *Bravado* (1874) published seven more. In the 1870s and early 1870s, three Gissing stories came to the attention of the *Chicago Tribune's* files, and the *Post of March*, through July of 1877. 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